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Events of the Week.

THE Austro-German advance continues in the far eastern corner of Galicia, as everyone foresaw that it must. What is rather more serious is that our guess of last week has turned out to be accurate; the Germans in great force are driving north-eastward in Russian territory towards Lublin. This advance to the east of the Vistula bend means presumably that the original Austrian plan of campaign of last autumn has been resumed, under more competent German management. The intention probably is to strike up at the great Russian base of Brest-Litovsk, about 120 miles north-east of Lemberg. The march has been comparatively rapid, and cavalry is playing a large part in it. The German front in south-east Poland now runs from Zavichost (above the junction of the San and Vistula), north of the tributary Tanew and its forest belt to a point on the frontier not very far from the Bug, and is nearing the isolated Russian fortress of Zamosc. There is no railway here on Russian soil. This advance has compelled a rapid retirement of the Russians in Western Poland, on the left bank of the Vistula, and the question will soon be whether they can hold the big fortress, junction, and bridge of Ivangorod, which may soon be threatened from both sides of the river.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the Russian retreat in Galicia has been sufficiently eventful. The course of events is broadly that the Grodki lines (before Lemberg) were turned from the north and also pierced. The eastward retire-

ment of the Russians past Lemberg to the River Bug then left their southern armies on the Dniester exposed and in some danger. They had to retreat, of course, and might have been expected to withdraw rather sooner than they did. They allowed von Linsingen to cross the Dniester at several points, and then turned and flung back the German van. Some of it had to recross the river; part halted on islands, and part remained on the northern bank. The result was a heavy slaughter of the enemy, and thanks to this check the Russians got safely back to their next positions on the Gnila Lipa (a tributary of the Dniester). The German advance however, continues steadily. It has now passed the Gnila Lipa in the south, and we shall next hear of the Russians on the Zlota Lipa, which is said to be a better defensive line, and eventually perhaps on the Sereth. On the Bug Mackensen's army has come up with the Russians about Kamionka, has seized the western bank, and seems to be fighting for the crossing. The enemy claims to have taken 194,000 Russian prisoners during June, making a total of 464,000 in this Galician campaign.

* * *

For the first time since the brave but costly landing in the Gallipoli peninsula, the official news reports an appreciable success. Our lines are still drawn round the big hill of Achi Baba, and the strong position of Karedhia (Kritchia) in the centre of the Turkish front still defies all attempts to carry it by a direct assault. But Sir Ian Hamilton is attempting to envelop it, and evidently with some success. The plan was to advance the extreme left of the British lines to the west of Karedhia, and then to change front, so as to face eastward and take it in flank. This was achieved. The action began early on Monday with a heavy bombardment, in which the ships' guns and the French artillery shared. It destroyed the elaborate wire entanglements in front of the Turkish trenches, and then in successive rushes two lines of trenches in one direction and five lines in another were brilliantly carried. The Border Regiment, Royal Scots, and Royal Fusiliers are specially mentioned, and the Gurkhas carried a knoll due west of Karedhia. A French telegram measures our advance as 900 yards, and states that we took 180 prisoners. The Premier has announced that our total casualties at the Dardanelles had reached on May 31st a total of 38,636.

* * *

THERE has been throughout the week no news whatever from the British lines in Flanders, and the heavy casualties reported are presumably from the actions near Ypres and Festubert of two weeks ago. In the section north of Arras the activity of the French seems to have slackened perceptibly, and for the first time for nearly two months there is no important success to record. Some slight gains near Souchez are claimed in the French reports, whereas the German news announces that the hand-to-hand fighting in this region "has now concluded." The Germans momentarily won back some of the ground gained by the French last week at Metzeral in Alsace, but were promptly repulsed. The Germans have delivered heavy attacks in the Argonne, with little effect. The chief fighting

of the week has been along the Calonne trench (near Eparges) on the heights of the Meuse. The French news represents the Germans as the assailants, while the German news speaks of incessant but fruitless attacks by the French. The French are here holding two long lines of heavily fortified trenches lately captured from the Germans. Of these the Germans this week for a moment retook both, but later the French recovered all of the second German line and most of the first.

* * *

THE Tsar has issued a rescript in which he speaks of the determination of the people "to devote their strength to the work of equipping the army." He goes on to declare that "the enemy must be crushed, for without that peace is impossible." The meeting of the Duma will be advanced, and will take place in August at latest. Meanwhile, a special commission, composed of legislators and business men has been formed to consider military supplies. There have been two considerable changes in the Cabinet, and others are expected. General Sukhomlinoff, the Minister of War who reorganized the armies after the Japanese war, has resigned. His competence was everywhere acknowledged, and the "Cologne Gazette" rejoices at his departure. In politics he was a Liberal, and was cordially disliked by the reactionaries, but his successor, General Polivanoff, who was his assistant, belongs to the same school, and is said to be popular in the Duma. M. Maklakoff, who is also an extreme reactionary, leaves the Ministry of the Interior. The other expected changes include the admission of men of rather diverse schools. No Liberals (Cadets) are among them, but the two Guchkoffs are enlightened Constitutional Conservatives (Octobrists) and firm supporters of the Duma, of which one of them has been "Speaker." If Parliamentarians are really admitted to the Cabinet, it will be the first unequivocal sign of internal progress since the promise to the Poles.

* * *

THE Munitions Bill, the text of which was published in Saturday's papers, has passed the House of Commons. Monday's debate opened with criticisms on the late Government, but it soon settled down into a discussion of the Bill itself. The chief interest centred in the speeches of the Labor members, but Mr. Duke, one of the most independent, as he is one of the ablest, men in the House of Commons, made a contribution of the utmost importance, criticising the form of the Munitions tribunal, and recommending the nomination of these tribunals by the workmen. He deprecated talk about compulsion as embarrassing Ministers in their task. Among other speakers, Mr. Hobhouse suggested that a fixed proportion of war profits should be allocated as a war bonus, and Mr. Pringle pressed the argument that a Government which was withdrawing the workman's right to make the best terms he could for himself was bound to protect him against extortionate prices. What was the workman to make of an arrangement under which there was to be no competition for labor, and open competition for every commodity that the workman had to buy?

* * *

It is significant of the changes caused by the war that Labor criticism of the Bill came from Mr. Snowden, the most moderate of Labor members, a believer in compulsory arbitration, and a politician who is as much out of sympathy with the new spirit represented by the strikes and the struggles of transport labor as Sir Frederick Banbury himself. Mr. Snowden offered some important criticisms, his

main contention being that this Bill destroyed trade union rights, that the trade unions had not been consulted, and that the Government had been scandalously negligent in regard to the work at Woolwich. Mr. Hodge made an impassioned speech in favor of the Bill, painting the sufferings of the trenches, and reaffirming the determination of the working classes to make every sacrifice necessary for victory. In this he was supported by Mr. O'Grady, who represents the advanced Labor school, and by Mr. Wilkie, and Mr. Henderson defended the Bill as doing no more than give effect to the decisions of the conferences in which trade unionists had taken part at the Treasury in March last. He did not think that any machinery less drastic would be successful in preventing industrial disputes; but he assured the coal miners and cotton workers that no attempt would be made to sweep them in against their will. This pledge has been redeemed, and the limitation of profits is to be in charge of a Committee.

* * *

MR. ASQUITH and Mr. Bonar Law inaugurated a Thrift Campaign at a meeting in the Guildhall on Tuesday. In the wars with France a century ago, Mr. Asquith told his audience, we spent less than a million pounds a week. In this war we are spending three millions a day. The revenue of our taxes comes to something less than three-quarters of a million a day. Taking another set of figures, he pointed out that our imports during the first five months of the war increased by 35 millions, and our exports and re-exports decreased by 73. If this ratio was preserved for the rest of the year, our indebtedness to the world would have risen by 260 millions in twelve months. These figures showed the urgent necessity of diminishing our expenditure and increasing our savings. The War Loan was the first democratic loan, and it enabled poor and rich alike to save and help their country. The power of selling our foreign investments was strictly limited; so was our power of borrowing, and it would be fatal to pay out of our gold reserve. But we could all join in retrenching unnecessary expenditure. Mr. Bonar Law discussed the special attractions of the loan, deprecated pessimism, and paid a high tribute to our Allies, observing that the French soldiers had shown a spirit not surpassed even by the soldiers of the Revolution.

* * *

ON Tuesday Mr. Walter Long introduced the National Register Bill in a pleasant speech which was obviously meant to disown it as a by-path to compulsion. He insisted that the object was not to coerce labor but to organize it for the nation, and to give us a record of our resources. The Bill provides a register of the people of both sexes between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five, applied by local authorities acting under the control of the Registrar-General and of the Local Government Board. It is compulsory, and refusals and omissions can be punished by fines of £5 or less. For Ireland the scheme is to be voluntary and very partial, practically indeed, useless. The questions asked are very wide and may even be added to, we suppose by schedule. The most pertinent of them is the inquiry as to whether a citizen is engaged on any war work, and whether he is able or willing to undertake other work than that on which he is engaged—a distracting interrogation, which will mostly be answered in sheer bewilderment. Men and women will also be required to say whether they are married and have children, and will be called on to notify removals within twenty-eight days. Mr. Long suggested that schoolmasters might largely be drawn upon for the work of compiling this war-census. The Bill can only pass in a very modified form, if at all.

THE German Government seems to be striking impartially to left and to right. After suppressing the militarist "Tageszeitung," it has now suppressed "Vorwärts" for publishing what is probably the most significant document which any organized party in the belligerent countries has issued since the war began. It is a frank and unequivocal appeal from the Executive of the whole Social Democratic Party to the German Government "to take the first step towards the attainment of peace." Failing such an initiative, the war must drag on "until all the nations are utterly exhausted." Germany, because she has "proved herself invincible," should be the first to declare herself ready to treat. For the rest, the manifesto sharply condemns any policy of conquest and annexation, declares that the party has always been unanimous on this question, and points out that any talk of annexation must prolong the war. The history of this document is rather curious. It seems to be the direct consequence of the issue, on June 2nd, of an extremely critical manifesto by three of the ablest men of the party, Herr Haase, its Chairman and Parliamentary leader, Herr Bernstein (the leader of the reformist section, and formerly a valued contributor to our columns), and Herr Kautsky, perhaps the most brilliant Marxist theoretical writer of the party, to which two hundred deputies, editors, and party or trade union officials signed their names.

* * *

THIS minority circular attacked the majority of the party in Parliament for its weakness throughout the war, its failure at various appropriate moments (e.g., the sinking of the "Lusitania") to make a protest, and its inertness in face of the policy of annexation favored by the ruling classes. It called for a bold abandonment of the national truce. This courageous protest has had its effect, and the whole party, taking advantage of the victories in the East, has now for the first time demanded the initiation of negotiations for peace. The state of mind which this document expresses can hardly be misunderstood. It is not a sign of weakness. It is an attempt by a party whose historic mission (in spite of its recent failures) has always been to oppose Imperialism, to make the utmost use of a moment of victory, when a plea for peace cannot possibly be mistaken for a sign of despair.

* * *

THE Haas-Bernstein-Kautsky circular contains some valuable evidence on the vexed question whether or not official Germany aims at annexing Belgium. It states that in the Reichstag on May 28th (presumably at the secret session) the Chancellor advocated "under the disguise of an enforced economic connection, the indirect annexation of Belgium." This is interesting, for the whole document opposes Imperial policy frankly and openly. One may conclude, then, that the present (or recent) policy of the German Government is not to annex Belgium politically, but to bring it within the German Customs Union.

* * *

THE very serious allegations brought against the War Office by Mr. Snowden were corroborated by Mr. Crooks in an interview in the "Daily Chronicle" on Wednesday. Mr. Crooks states that for years there has been a failure to make full use of Woolwich, and it will be remembered that Lord Haldane came in for a good deal of criticism for reducing the establishment there nine years ago. It would have been supposed that after the outbreak of war our national arsenal would have been kept at full power. If Mr. Crooks's facts are correct, this has not been done, and at a time when the Government are crying out for workers in munition

factories, they are giving their own workers less than enough to do. Mr. Crooks recites some statements made by the workmen, which he gave to the House of Commons in April:—

"Of an order for 15 breech-loader inner A-tube guns, only seven were forged, the remainder being sent out to be manufactured. Of another order of 30 breech-loader guns, only 15 were forged; of another order of 21 similar guns, only five were forged.

"In the Royal Gun Factory there is a press capable of turning out the largest size of shell. During the whole of the war the press has only been worked on a single shift, and that mostly on odd jobs. Yet that one press alone, working double shifts, could turn out 200 of the largest size shells each week.

"In the same forge there is a 40-ton hammer lying quite idle. Yet that hammer could be used for the forgings for guns up to 7.5 inch. There is one of 30-cwt. also idle, which could turn out forgings for 18-pounder guns."

Mr. Lloyd George was Chairman of the Munitions Committee two months ago. What was done then and what has been done since to secure the full and effective working of our public establishments? Clearly, the matter cannot be left in its present very unsatisfactory position.

* * *

THE "Armenian," a Leyland liner, which was sunk off Cornwall on Monday by U38, is the biggest ship after the "Lusitania" we have yet lost in the submarine campaign. Her case is serious, because twenty-nine men of her crew lost their lives, and some of them were American subjects. It is not, however, an outrage comparable with that of the "Lusitania," and to suggest that it is can only weaken our argument about that atrocity. The "Armenian," according to Mr. Page's despatch to Washington, was being used for Admiralty work.

* * *

THE moment for an Italian declaration of war on Turkey seems to be approaching. The large Italian colony in Turkey is winding up its affairs, and taking its departure, and the Turkish Ambassador in Rome is said to have demanded his passports. This seems to have happened a little prematurely, in consequence of the publication in the "Tribuna" of a despatch from London which explained the plans of the Allies. It announced that some of the less valuable Italian ships will be sent to the Dardanelles, with the object of releasing some of our bigger ships for service elsewhere. If two or three British Dreadnoughts were added to the Italian fleet in the Adriatic, the Austrian navy (sufficiently inactive already) would be completely paralyzed. The Italian press also expects some co-operation on land, and the transfer (mainly for the sake of the wounded) of the British base from Egypt to Southern Italy.

* * *

SOME interesting despatches from the German lines above Arras have appeared in the "New York Times." The Bavarians, who are fighting here, speak with the deepest admiration of the gallantry shown in the six-weeks' French offensive round the Lens salient. They admit to having felt alarm lest their line should be definitely broken. They recognized (as we argued last week) that the battle on this line of hills is being fought for the possession of Lille, for the next defensive lines are a long way to the rear, and from the ridge the French artillery would sweep the plains. There might result the "rolling up of the whole German line." The Crown Prince stated that the French had spent on this effort 100,000 shells a day for six weeks, and he imagined that it had now come to an end. His line has been forced back but not broken.

Politics and Affairs.

ORGANIZATION VERSUS FUSSINESS.

WE have this week reached the last month of the first year of a war to which, by the tacit or expressed consent of all the parties to it, no proximate end can be fixed. It may indeed be said to have entered, or to be entering, on a new stage, that of universal defence in the form of a series of gigantic sieges in the open. The general defensive attitude is modified here and there by local attacks, and the comparative immobility of the confronting lines in the West still contrasts with the shocks and retreats in Galicia and Poland. But it is clear that the Russians will soon be defending themselves on Russian soil, a task in which, if their military history is any guide, they will be completely successful, and will wreak their accustomed vengeance on the invader. The Germans, foiled in their offensive policy, are defending their conquests in Belgium, and seeking to bar the entrance of the Allies to German soil. The Allies are defending France and the few remaining acres of unoccupied Flanders. The aims of a war engaged and ordered on these lines approximates obviously to that of "attrition." Presumably we are seeking to wear down the Austro-German numbers and resources. They are seeking to wear down ours. The advantage of that process, assuming something like equality of skill and direction, rests with the richer and more numerous combatants. But it is by no means an absolute benefit. Neither party can go on for ever. And there are degrees of weakness and strength in the individual parties to the contest. Germany is stronger than Russia in wealth and military organization, and possibly stronger than Russia and France together. Russia is stronger than Germany in numbers, as we in geographical position and financial (and therefore staying) power.

The moral factors are also distributed with a certain balance of advantages. We possess the grand virtue of a liberating cause, and the sense of resisting an immense, and, unless it is defeated, an irreparable wrong to civilization. Germany has the solidity (not so apparent as in the early days of the war) that comes of a State organization at once extremely efficient and exactly suited to the temper and imagination of the people. Our conclusion is that the decisive physical and spiritual elements are on the side of the Allies; that, in a word, the Allies ought to win and will win. But neither we nor our associates can be dispensed from the obligation of clear thought concerning the end of what must be a long war, for Europe cannot be fought and bled into sheer ruin. And clear thought is, in the present conduct of our rulers, a matter of some difficulty. Since the Coalition Government came in, a thicker curtain than ever has been dropped on to the operations of the British armies and fleets in Flanders and the Dardanelles and elsewhere. The losses go up—10,000 were recorded in last week's newspapers—but the nation does not usually know where they occurred, or what fortune attended the troops that sustained them. It cannot tell whether the theory

of "attrition" is being applied to our recent numerous actions in Flanders, whether, in fact, we are being more or less "attrited" than our adversaries. On this point, we dwell in doubt and in some apprehension. Civil Germany is probably in the same case. No issue can present itself so long as the armies are locked in an indeterminate struggle, and the rulers of the nation which made the war still think to gain by the war. Hopes of peace can hardly be said to have risen above the horizon so long as we can read in the "Cologne Gazette" the suggestion that its advent depends solely on whether the Allies will consent to sue for it. We see no objection to the plea of an interesting pamphlet by an American writer that the neutral countries should organize themselves into a standing Conference, and, without asking for armistices, should from time to time offer proposals of mediation to both sets of combatants. Neutral Europe is, we think, bound to hold a watching brief for civilization, so that it may not perish in the attempt to cure it of its present maladies. But of peace, with Belgium desolate and unfree, and France threatened with ruin, the Allies cannot speak or think, so long as the author of these crimes offers no atonement for them; retains power and will to reap their fruit; and remains in the attitude of triumph and with the anticipation of achieving in a second war the gains of territory and prestige—the mastery of the Channel Coasts, the domination of Belgium and Holland—which he may fail to accomplish in the first.

The resolution of the nation, therefore, remains entirely unshaken. But we are not so sure that it is satisfied with the kind of impulse now communicated to it from above. Just as a certain nebulosity and distraction seem to govern our strategy, so haste and fussiness are being imported into our schemes of home organization, till they obscure the real devotion, the spirit of general serviceableness, which characterize our people. A kind of imitative Teutonism pervades us. We deal elsewhere with the Munitions Bill; but what is to be said of the National Register Bill? No case has been made out for it except the kind of hot clamor that passes for argument in the Northcliffe press. What, indeed, is the case? It can only spring from a deficiency of recruits or of industrial workers. We have yet to learn that either need exists. The War Office has, and has always had, more recruits than it is able to deal with, and we may add with some confidence that the Ministry of Munitions has received more offers of industrial service than it can organize. As for amateur help, it has been poured out from men and women (especially from the latter) in an abundance with which, again, the authorities have not been able to cope. These are the three things apparently needed to enable the Government to get on with the war. Why then do they not get on with it, and have done with the mere theatricalities of preparation? A considerable party in this country thinks that the National Register must, in effect, represent merely a preparatory scheme for bringing pressure to bear on the men and women of the working classes—pressure secured through local dignitaries or bodies—either to enlist or to change their occupations. Is that necessary? Is it wise? And if it is, has the right method been taken for attain-

ing these purposes? And if in the midst of a tremendous war we are to devise machinery for changing the spirit of our institutions, would it not be well to apply some serious thought to the process?

In order, therefore, to get to somewhat closer quarters with this matter, we put the following questions to the authors and supporters of the National Register Bill:—

1. What is it going to cost?

2. How many thousands of people will be engaged in compiling it who might be doing war work or taking the place of those who are? What kind of preparatory training will these amateur census-takers undergo?

3. How long will it take for the vast undigested mass of material they will collect to attain some form or practical utility? Six months? Twelve months? Two years? The census of 1911 took two years to prepare, and it is not, we believe, yet completed. National Insurance, again, required many months of preparation, and thousands had vanished through death or emigration or change of address when attempts were made to distribute benefits. Take Clause 7. Under this Clause a man registered under the Act is to notify within twenty-eight days his removal to the new authority, or be subjected to a penalty of £5, and £1 for each succeeding day. Is it seriously imagined that a workman living, let us say, in Poplar and moving to Stepney (without realizing that he has made a change of residence that brings him within the law) will notify his removal? The population is continually changing; in London alone at the rate of a million a year.

4. Are the volunteers who will compile the returns to be sworn to secrecy, as are the census officials? And if not, by what right will they ask, under penalty, such questions as whether a woman is married or has had children? Mr. Long invokes the aid of local schoolmasters. Are these persons proper recipients of the private secrets of their neighbors? And why should we confer a roving power of inquiry as to people's concerns such as is given under sub-section *d* of Clause 4?

5. Is all this expenditure of money and energy to be organized under the tremendous pressure of the war; and has it any use save as a sop to the sensational press and a preparation for industrial and military conscription?

6. What more is wanted than a register of people (including nearly 80,000 women) who have offered their services, and have not got a response from the authorities?

We await a reply to some at least of these questions.

WHERE ARE THE TRADE UNIONS?

THERE is an essay of Bacon's that Ministers would do well to lay to heart in these times. "Affected despatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. . . . I know a wise man that had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion: 'Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner.'" The Government find after several months of war that they ought to have taken action in respect to speeding-up and organizing production earlier, and they remedy the defect by preparing a Bill for organizing labor, and they

ask the House of Commons to pass this Bill in a few hours. Can anybody pretend that it makes any difference whether the Bill is passed this week or next week? It is not the Bill that sets in motion the process for recruiting or collecting volunteers. On the other hand, it does make enormous difference whether the Bill is good or bad; for it touches vital issues, and if it is not wisely conceived the whole object of the scheme will be defeated. The worst kind of affected despatch is that which "measures despatch by the times of sitting," and prefers an inferior Bill to-day to a better Bill to-morrow.

When the text of the Bill was published, it brought a real disappointment to those who believed, as we did, that the Government intended to take the trade unions into partnership. This principle should clearly be the foundation of any scheme for organizing labor for the production of munitions. One obstacle to rapid production is the code of Trade Union rules and regulations by means of which the working classes have built up some kind of defence against the mere caprice of arbitrary government. That code may be compared for its moral effect on the great industrial population that was exploited at will a hundred years ago with the Civil Code that gave to the victims of feudal power on the Continent a status and rights before the law. That code is now to be suspended. The assent by the trade unions to this step is an event and a concession of the greatest significance. To understand it we have only to take the case of the powerful trade unions of the legal profession. A barrister or a solicitor will gladly give his Sundays to making shells at Woolwich, and in that sense the lawyers are as patriotic as anybody else; but the lawyers' trade unions have not withdrawn their veto on the employment of women. Yet the lawyers' veto is merely the defence of an economic monopoly, whereas for the working classes the question of women's employment runs into the question of the maintenance of the standard of wages. The trade unionists, then, have ceded a vital principle. So long as the war lasts they will not object to the employment of unskilled men and unskilled women on tasks usually and formerly reserved for the skilled, and they will allow the munition factory to be managed without regard to any of the other regulations and restrictions that they seek to enforce in competitive industry. What is the proper return to make? Clearly to give them the most full and complete recognition.

It is here that the Bill is deficient. The trade unions are almost ignored. Take, for example, the very important matter of discipline. The Bill sets up a Munitions Tribunal, which is to try, among other offences, the dangerously vague offence of "inciting" or "encouraging" a workman to continue to comply with a rule, practice, or custom which tends to restrict production. This tribunal may punish a man by fining him, and by ordering that the fine shall be deducted from his wages. How is the tribunal composed? The Minister of Munitions chooses a President, and assessors from panels representing employers and workmen, those panels being chosen by the Minister of Munitions. Where do the trade unions come in? At this moment there are in existence in several places local Munitions

Committees representing the employers and the trade unions. They are much better tribunals than the tribunal set up by the Bill. In our view the right method is to give the trade unions themselves responsibility for discipline. They are keenly alive to the gravity of the situation, and they have given convincing proof of their sincerity; they have received, as Mr. O'Grady said in the House of Commons, appeals from their comrades in the trenches, to which the workmen in the factory will give but one answer. We believe that if the Government would call on the trade unions to try and to punish offences in these factories, the response would be instant and invaluable. The Government would then say to the trade unions: "Suspend your charter for the war, and take over the discipline of these factories." That is the way of democracy. It is a very different thing to say: "Suspend your charter for the war, and leave it to us to deal with the workmen not as trade unionists but as employees pure and simple."

This want of democratic feeling runs through the Bill. The scheme envisages the State, employers, and workmen. The Radical critics of the Bill have secured from Mr. Lloyd George an undertaking that a workman summoned before a Munitions Tribunal shall have the right to be represented by his trade union agent, but the text of the Bill treats the workman as the workman, and nothing else; the trade union is as little recognized as in the old days of the railway companies. And the factories, it must be remembered, are not national, for private profit is not eliminated. The employers are allowed to make a profit up to 20 per cent. above the average profits, as reckoned by the profits taken on the last two corresponding periods. Thus, the employer is to benefit by the suspension of trade union regulations, and this introduces a most undesirable element into the scheme, for it puts the State in the position of enforcing on the workman a course of conduct by which the employer reaps an advantage. The workman surrenders his freedom, not to the body that represents him, but to the Government acting with the class that employs him. In other words, because he gives up his trade union regulations, he is to give up a great deal besides; he cannot cease work, he cannot transfer his labor, and he is to be subject to a tribunal on which he has at the best one representative out of three.

Meanwhile, what about wages? The Bill opened with a proposal for universal compulsory arbitration, but this is not to be pressed on those classes of workmen, such as the miners, who guarantee to stop strikes by their own machinery. Mr. Smillie put the objections of the Miners' Federation in the "Herald" last week. "They were willing to do all in their power to help the nation. Thousands of them were fighting, nearly every member of the Executive of the Federation had sons at the front. But they would not agree to the system of compulsion and registration in the mining industry." Nobody can accuse the miners of slacking, or doubt their good faith. Certain large industries then will be left outside that proposal for compulsory arbitration, and presumably their wage disputes will be treated as they are at present. But in the munition factories wages are to be fixed by the Minister of Munitions or by an Arbitration Court.

On what principle are wages to be fixed? The workmen lose the right of striking—even of agitating. They are asked to put themselves at the discretion of a Government Department or an Arbitration Court. Yet nowhere is there any statement of the considerations that are to be kept in view when wages are settled. Surely the rise in prices and the circumstances of the industry should be kept in view when a proposal is submitted. There is a widespread feeling among the working classes that the Government have been negligent in dealing with prices, and that powerful interests have made great profits out of the nation's difficulties. (In this connection we congratulate the Radicals who have won from Mr. Lloyd George the promise of Cabinet attention to a proposal to fix fair rents in munition areas). Even now the proposed limitation of profits, such as it is, is confined to "controlled establishments."

It will be too late, we fear, when these pages are in print to alter the Bill, and we hope, therefore, it will be worked with prudence and consideration. The working classes and the Government must pull together. As a measure for producing that co-operation on hopeful and useful lines, this Bill is not too well designed, and we cannot help thinking that, if time had been given either for the consultation of the several trade unions by their leaders, or for full Parliamentary discussion, its character would have been improved. We hope that in administering it, the Government will remember that they will be doing a grave injury to the nation if they neglect any means of enlisting the self-respect and the sense of citizenship of the classes from whom they have asked this sacrifice.

THE RULE OF THREE.

AFTER eight months of war it was admitted by the Government that one fundamental problem of war-economy—namely, the proportion between recruitment and munition-making—had not been correctly solved. Nay, the very existence of such a problem had been scarcely recognized. The recruiting activities went on, regardless of the pace at which provision was made for increased equipment and munitions, with the notorious result that a large proportion of the men enlisted could not be fully trained, and could not be utilized for fighting purposes, while the troops actually in the field were not provided with adequate supplies of arms and ammunition. This error in organization has involved much waste of national energy, of time, and of money. It is, we hope, in rapid process of correction, by means of the increased energy thrown into the munition trade.

But there is a distinct danger lest in our eager endeavors to strengthen our first two lines of national defence, the fighting line and the munition-making, we should weaken the third and equally essential service, that of furnishing the money needed to support the other two. In other words, have the Government and the country considered what are the right proportions to maintain between the numbers they enlist, the numbers they put into munition-making, and the numbers they leave to make the food, clothing, and other necessities for the army, for the munition services, and the civil

population of the country? We ask the question with the utmost earnestness, in view of the fact that, while Mr. Asquith and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are urging every man and woman to practice industry and economy, Lord Kitchener is still "urging all able-bodied men in your district to come forward and enlist," while Mr. Morgan, of the Munitions Committee, tells us that "we want every skilled man we can get." Now at the present time virtually every able-bodied man and woman is in full employment, helping to make the goods or to perform the services which constitute the real income of the nation. The presumption, therefore, is that every man who quits his work to join the forces or to enter the munition-works is thereby reducing the income out of which these two services are to be maintained. This is no mere academic point, but one of supreme importance in the economy of a protracted war which must depend for its success upon the steady volume of industry of the great mass of our civil population. Let us put it in another way. Lord Kitchener and Mr. Lloyd George, for the immediate purposes of war, are bent upon increasing the spending units of the nation, and diminishing the earning units. The Prime Minister and the Chancellor, upon the other hand, confronted closely with the financial situation, are summoning the nation to furnish out of their earnings, thus diminished, a constantly increasing quantity of savings, in order to meet the cost. But what becomes of the balance-sheet of the national business if figures are needlessly taken over from the credit side of the account to swell the debit side?

In view of the nature of a protracted war, there must exist some right quantitative relation between the fighting munition-making and income-earning forces of the nation. This it is the first duty of a Government to discover and maintain. In other words, some proper limits should be set both on enlistment and on munition making. For though it would contribute to the success of the war if we could raise another million men for the fighting line, as "The Observer" urges, or could deplete the ordinary engineering, mining, and agricultural industries in order to swell the output of munitions, consideration of the final economy of war will show that we cannot do these things. It is not merely a question of pinching the comforts and conveniences of the civil population by letting down the ordinary industries. If this is permitted to happen, the thousand million pounds required to pay for a year's war cannot be found. It is pretty certain that the necessity of supporting the men already taken out of the productive industries for war services, together with the great and growing obligations incurred for our allies, must tax the financial resources of the country to the utmost. If any more are taken, the costs are increased and the means of meeting them are disastrously diminished. Has the Government considered this rule-of-three sum in reference to the information with which the Board of Trade and the Exchequer can supply them as to the productive and financial needs of the country? If not, disaster is ahead. If, as Mr. Morgan suggests, the Munition Service is going to take away from the ordinary manufactures of the country the engineers who look after the machinery and do repairs, if more railwaymen

and agricultural workers are induced to enlist for one of the two fighting lines, if, in a word, every inducement and pressure is to be used to take men out of ordinary industry, the colossal task which Mr. McKenna has so courageously undertaken is doomed to failure.

It is not, of course, a fact that every person at present earning an income by the sale of his labor-power is doing what is wanted for the war. Far from it. Great and vital changes of our industrial and commercial system are involved in the true war-economy. The income-earning powers of the nation must not only be conserved. They must be directed from the production of unnecessaries to the production of necessities, defining the latter term so as to include all goods and services useful for the support of the fighting forces and the economic maintenance of the civil population. The production and the consumption of a great mass of the luxuries and comforts to which the nation is normally addicted, must be cut down, and the productive energy which they usually absorb applied to furnish the greatly enlarged demands of necessities for a nation at war. It is difficult even for the eloquence and skill of Mr. Asquith to bring home the real significance of these demands. They imply that after all the ordinary savings of the nation and the ready money which propertied men and institutions possess have been poured into the Loan, a gap of several hundred millions is pretty certain to remain. This gap can only be filled by an average reduction not of five or ten, but of some twenty per cent. in the expenditure of every family in the country. Since the poorer grades of working families, a large proportion of the whole, cannot undergo such a reduction, the better-to-do classes will have to make up the difference. After this general lesson is driven home, it is necessary to convert it into detailed terms of personal economy. Apart from certain specifically male luxuries, such as alcohol and tobacco, the chief and the most difficult part of saving must consist in curtailing the household and other personal expenditure which mainly falls under the control of women. The success of the loan will depend more upon the formation of public opinion among those who exercise directly the power of the purse than upon any other factor in the financial situation. Every organization, political, trade, educational, and other, should, therefore, be utilized without delay in this task of rallying all the forces of common sense and patriotism in the cause of national economy.

THE ENGLISH MAGIC.

"MAGIC" is an upsetting of the laws of Nature, and demands both investigation and explanation. Under the title of "The English Magic," Professor Schroer, Professor in Cologne of English literature and language, writes in the "Cologne Gazette" of a few days ago, of an astonishing and unwelcome intrusion of magic into an entirely rational world. There is something in the *naïveté* and simplicity of the professor which completely disarms criticism. All the world, that is to say, all the professor's world, knows the past history of the British Empire—by what chicanery, fraud, and

crime it has been built up; what a ramshackle affair it is; how at the first convenient opportunity all its component parts would throw off a rule both tyrannous and incompetent. He notes the "sanguinary cruelty" and "abominable calculation" with which we had overmastered Ireland, sucked it dry, impoverished it; how we had depopulated Scotland; enslaved and disgrighted (*entrichtet*) India, sought to make North America pliable to our ends, subjugated South Africa; "everywhere the same methods, everywhere—yes, even in North America—up to a point, the same success." How often did it appear, he declares, that Ireland would succeed in shaking off its pitiless oppressors; how often "opponents of England rocked themselves, in hope that North America would maintain its economic advantage at England's cost"; that India would use the opportunity to free itself; that the Boers, only recently subjugated, "holding in immediate recollection the cruel annihilation of innumerable members of their families, would advance to a well deserved revenge!" "Und nun!" he cries, as if suddenly rapping the table against a visionary ruler of a universe which has been built all awry, "And now!" "What is the attitude of America? How does it stand in India? How in Ireland?" Just at the moment when these enslaved peoples are at last given their opportunity, they are found fighting indeed, but—amazingly—on the English side! To the good professor it is as if Newton's Law of Motion had gone wrong, or the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle proved to be unequal. "How can the relatively small English people, who will not even undertake the burden of universal service, bring all this to pass?" For centuries the Irish hate has burned against England, and yet there are always the Irish soldiers, an indispensable part of the English Army. There is Ireland furnishing for centuries England with generals and statesmen who contribute to the pride, as he declares with bitter emphasis, "of the British world power; of the British race." "Magic" alone can explain it. Nay, this spell or magic goes even beyond the boundaries of the Empire itself; hypnotizes persons and nations who, by all the rules of rational behavior, should be fighting or sympathizing with the honest, efficient German race. "Every other Power which has ever had to do with England has seen itself deceived by England, has growled 'perfidie Albion' between its teeth. And yet every Power, the moment England makes 'friendly eyes,' has been again taken captive." "Once independent Indian Princes, those who yesterday led the Boer Armies against England, are proud to-day to hold the position of English 'gentlemen.'" They are held prisoners by "the magic of Englishry" (*Engländerum*). These are facts with which henceforth a rational German civilization must reckon. It must try to understand the secret of this 'magic.' And when it has succeeded in doing that, it must overcome it by a magic still stronger. After the war the Germans must succeed "in making manifest to all the world the unpretentious and genuine charm of the German character" (*den schlichten und echten Zauber deutscher Wesens.*)

One cannot help sympathy; one cannot refrain also from seeing the humorous side of the professor's impeachment of the Universe; because by all the laws of reason

he is so right. According to the rules of the rational world in which he lives, just those things ought to have happened which he and all his fellow-professors had foretold. We *have* committed abominable crimes in Ireland. Only a few years back thousands of children *did* die in our concentration camps in South Africa. America *has* no particular cause to love us. The bulk of India *has* been subjected to our rule by conquest. We *have* no universal service, or German organization, or tariff *Zollverein*, to make it profitable for Colonial Dominions to be British, or any other of the obviously necessary links or chains or bonds, iron or elastic, which would appear to the rational German as essential to such an Empire if it is to continue a united entity for twenty-four hours. And yet—there to-day are the Canadians and Indians hammering away in Flanders, and the Australians and New Zealanders hammering at the Dardanelles, and Irish regiments fighting, with individuals, like Sergeant O'Leary, creating an epic by killing ten of the Germans, who were coming to liberate his country from the hated British oppressor. And, far away in South Africa, Botha is hoisting the Union Jack and the Vierkleur over the Government Buildings of the German South-West African Colony—the Colony whose only desire was to liberate South Africa from British rule. What else, after all, can it be but magic? What explanation can be given of a phenomenon which escapes the laws of self-interest or even rational explanation, and leaves the British Empire, when all is told, one of the greatest of the wonders of the world?

The same "magic," though in a lesser degree, abides in the prosperity of the little island itself. The present writer well remembers a few years back a conversation with an agreeable, well-read German business man, from Bremen, who was staying in the same hotel in the heart of the Black Forest. He learnt, from this agreeable person, the true condition of his own country. The upper classes did no work, but spent their time in sports and pleasures. The lower classes, unsubjected by military discipline, were developing into a riotous mob of half-starving proletariat. Industries, lacking German organization, were steadily declining. Iron (or whatever it was) was gone; cotton was going; coal was precarious. A decadent, degenerate race could hold for a brief time only—as Spain before it—the overlordship of a quarter of the world. All this the agreeable gentleman pronounced with the utmost courtesy and good temper. He had read the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain. He had read the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George. He knew that these things were so. All Europe knew that these things were so. Nay, England herself knew that these things were so, and any attempt to advance argument on the other side was met by a polite incredulous smile.

It seems almost unfair to have given all these pleasant persons so violent a disappointment. It seems unfair that this "relatively small English people, who will not even undertake the burden of universal service," should suddenly produce without such burden three millions of the toughest fighters the world has ever seen; and incidentally should sweep the fleets of its opponents and all their vast merchant marine from all the seven seas. It seems

unfair that this decadent and tyrant race should gather round her in the conflict representatives of all those subjugated peoples who ought only to be waiting to free themselves from her hated rule; should find the whole of this "ramshackle Empire" hurling into her lap gifts of sacrifice and service; should find her decaying trade and commerce adequate to finance all her needs, and render assistance to all her neighbours. This is the "magic of England" which so many learned professors had proved to be impossible, and which to-day stands triumphant, unchallenged, if unexplained. And if such professors wish for some explanation at least of the meaning of that magic, they may find a part of it in the word "Freedom"; in an entity which has somehow disappeared from their own highly organized, devastatingly rational, militarist, despotic State. It is just because we have "left things alone," and let each community develop its own life in its own way, that at the time of crisis each community chooses to come and help. There have been grave dangers of the other system prevailing; and in some cases we have only escaped with a luck which is almost incredible. If we had Milnerized South Africa, or Curzonized India, or Carsonized Ireland (for example), no German professors would be discussing "the magic of England" to-day! We managed in time—though only just in time—to get rid of all such mad experiments. In Ireland indeed it was almost a race of hours between the war and the granting of freedom; and freedom only just won. And it is the "magic" of that freedom which reveals the Rulers of Mysore and Hyderabad and many an ancient principality and kingdom; and Generals Botha and Smuts, once declared outlaws by a British proclamation; and the chosen leaders of the Irish race, who, in the bitter past have been flung into British prisons under special acts of coercion: to-day, to the amazement of the rational German professor, united in all honorable effort, for the triumph of the British arms.

THE RUSSIAN RETREAT.

THERE is a natural tendency to discuss the military happenings of this war on the principle that East is East and West is West. The deadlock in the West continues, and the Russians are driven back from the Carpathians and out of Galicia. The two facts seem to have no connection, but it is possible that a connection exists. When the Russians at heavy cost made their unseasonable advance over the crests of the Carpathians before the winter snows had melted, they had presumably thought out the Continental bearings of their movement. They can hardly have supposed that the Germans would allow them to debouch on the Hungarian plains without a tremendous effort to arrest them. They may not have foreseen that the Germans, like the good classical strategists they are, would find the weak link in their line above the Carpathians on its river front facing west. But some big effort to oppose them they must have expected, for a successful over-running of Hungary would be for the Central Powers the beginning of the end. Why did they underestimate the German effort? It seems to us probable

that they counted on the Western Allies for some much bigger offensive in France than has proved to be feasible. Their calculation may have been that our armies would be in France by February, and by the beginning of May might be undertaking a resolute offensive. If a million of these new levies had been formed into a British "phalanx" between Ypres and Arras, ready for a supreme effort to break the German line, and if the French had had a complete success in their new offensive, we hardly suppose that the Mackensen-Linsingen "phalanx" could have been spared to break the Russian lines.

There are two possible measures of the Russian retreat. The first is geographical, and there is no dispute about that. Step by step, jolting over the parallel river-obstacles of Galicia, the Russian retirement has proceeded with no considerable halt. The armies of our ally are back by now on the lines of the Bug and the Gnila Lipa. It is admitted that on the south they are already retiring to the Zlota Lipa, and we rather expect that it is along the Sereth, still further east, that they must make their serious stand. They have lost in the process, territory, prestige, and men, and though the enemy has also lost heavily in men, his energy has not yet waned. How long can the retirement continue without a real military disaster? So far we think the chief loss has been political. The Germans have not yet, even for the time being, crippled the Russian fighting force. The military tradition of Russia teaches her soldiers to take such reverses lightly. In her great historical campaign she endured worse things and emerged the victor. Moreover, even if the Russian frontier is crossed (as this week it has been), the average Russian takes that misfortune easily. Poland is not Russia, and neither are the Baltic Provinces, nor yet the Ukraine. These are a conquered non-Russian borderland, a kind of subject buffer belt of provinces against the West. How heavily the Russians have lost in men we do not know—probably very heavily, though not as heavily as the German news pretends. But even if the Russians have lost more heavily than the Germans, they are prodigal in human figures; they can afford to lose. If in losing three men they cause the Germans to lose two, the balance may still be in their favor. They can replace these and much worse losses, and the Germans cannot. It is not conventional optimism, but a reasonable calculation, which declares that this unlucky Galician campaign is not yet a decisive military event.

There is, however, a limit to arguments of this kind. The Russian military system is a loose structure, ill-knit for the offensive, conveniently elastic for defence. But even this loose structure has its vital points. Now it is quite clear from this week's news that the Germans are driving (as we guessed they might) at the Russian western base of Brest-Litovsk. It is 120 miles from Lemberg, and as far from Cracow, and it must be reached across country and without much help from railways. That means time, but as we shall not be ready immediately, and as the Germans will have another eighteen new corps ready in July, they may think that they can afford to spend the summer in a big Eastern adventure. If they get Brest-Litovsk, they will also

isolate Warsaw, and gain the shortest possible line to hold in the East. But they would certainly cripple the Russian military machine for a considerable time. It is from this point of view that the question arises, whether the Russians can now make a prolonged stand in their eastward retreat. The Germans are advancing on Lublin between the Vistula and the Bug. That may involve a threat to the key-fortress of Ivan-gorod, which defends Warsaw by bestriding the Vistula sixty miles below it. It also involves a threat to Brest-Litovsk, in front of which the Bug flows. The Russian defence, it seems to us, would be very seriously compromised if at any point the Bug were to be crossed and held in force. Mackensen driving north-east from Lemberg has reached the Bug at Kamionka, and he seems to intend to cross it. If he succeeds, a good road and railway will carry him still further, and Brest will be open to attack on both sides of the Bug, from the south-west and the south-east simultaneously. That is the serious strategical problem of the moment. One can only watch the drama on the Bug with anxious attention. It is sufficiently clear that every possible effort, with all possible speed, should be made at once, if our preparations allow of it, to create a diversion in the West.

A London Diary.

THE Government must expect some plain speaking on the National Register Bill. Most Liberals (and some Conservatives) think it a piece of gratuitous folly, and I can't imagine its passage through the Cabinet was a smooth one. It will meet rougher waters in Westminster. Practical administrators, who know what the organization of a Census (or of an Insurance Bill) means, ridicule it. They denounce the use of amateur collectors and local busybodies, predict endless blunders, countless omissions, and declare that the mere problem of removals will destroy the value of this ramshackle census, whose results will not be available for months to come, and will be worthless when they are. Any competent registration official would have told the Government this and more if his advice had been asked. Of course, it was never necessary to forge this clumsy steam-hammer for crushing nuts. Willing and capable workers of all kinds (especially women) are always to be had for the asking, if only the War Office, in place of rebuffing them, would tell them what to do and where to go. There never was a piece of sloppier thinking applied to a perfectly practical and manageable problem.

MEANWHILE, the Conscriptionist case is pretty well finished, as far as this Government is concerned. The minority must by this time know that if they press it, the Cabinet will break up, and the country will have to find another Prime Minister and another set of men—with a "Daily Mail" Premier at the head of them—to do the work of splitting the nation in two in the midst of a struggle for its existence. That consideration may not stop Lord Northcliffe. But it means that if things come to a push, the blow which the anti-Kitchener

crusade inflicted on the Harmsworth press—and it was a heavy one—will be repeated.

THE Bulgarian difficulty looks a good deal better than the black news about it which reached London last week suggested. One thing is certain. Bulgaria will never join Germany; the people would not permit it. Whether she comes in with us (and, incidentally, clears the Turks out of the Dardanelles) or remains neutral, probably depends on whether she gets Kavalla, Bulgarian Macedonia, and a bit of the Dobrudja. Such a transaction needs time and careful dealing. Bulgaria complains that we do not make positive offers, but merely promise to use our "good offices" with the Cabinets concerned in it. I think this is a little below the facts. We have made more than one concrete offer; our fault or our misfortune lies in Servia's and Greece's opposition, and our failure, in face of a rather nervous Russian diplomacy to force a half-shut door. Venezelos's return makes a difference, but not the whole difference, for he has had to recede from the broad and sagacious policy of his manifesto.

OUR anxiety about Russia makes Liberals here deeply concerned to see in the closer association of the Duma with the freshly organized War Department the beginnings of a new political order, for I am afraid the old one has done a good deal to hamper the work of the armies. Poland, I am assured, might have been easily won by a translation into action of the Grand Duke's fine proclamation, for the leaders of the Russian Poles are as unhappy about Russia's failure as any good Russian can be. But, administratively, both in Poland and in Petrograd, the proclamation has been treated as if it never existed, and if a draft of the Bill, which appeared lately in a Russian paper, is accurate, it is almost a sentence of death on the hopes of the Poles. Much the same may be said of Galicia. There the task has been to conciliate the three main races, Poles, Ruthenians, and Jews, who have had the advantage of the more tolerable form of Austrian rule. I am afraid the methods of the Russian Governor and his administration have largely estranged them. In Poland the Germans are prepared to play their accustomed game of promising and (for the moment) conceding everything. They will probably fail, for they are distrusted and hated. But the ground has been prepared for this gross baiting. The Russians have good generals and to spare. When will they grow a statesman? Meanwhile we can surely help the Poles and Russia in the same breath by suggesting that the whole Polish question should go into the European settlement with the rest of the problems of nationality.

THE scandal of Mr. Campbell's projected appointment to a Lordship of Appeal rather grows as people view its practical enormity. Mr. Campbell, as I said, is not in the class of the distinguished men who man the Courts of the Privy Council and the House of Lords. And, on the other hand, these Courts have never been more fully manned, both by direct appointments, and owing to the number of able lawyers

of the type of Lord Parmoor who give their services for nothing. I suppose about ten members make an ample staff. Over double that number are really available. I suggest that, in the face of these facts, it is impossible to persuade the House of Commons to accept an appointment which would be nothing more than a party job on the ground of national urgency. What urgency is there, save Sir Edward Carson's desire to console Mr. Campbell for the loss of the Irish Lord Chancellorship? I know of none.

Of the "scenes" and recriminations which are supposed to have enlivened the House of Commons this week, it is no more than the truth to say that they have figured more prominently in the news posters than in the House itself, where the indiscretions of — (as the Censor would say), the antics of — and the snarlings of —, —, and —, are discounted by an almost automatic process of intellectual assessment. At the same time, I think there is ground for the complaint, effectively raised by Mr. Hobhouse, that rather too much is being made by some sensation-mongers in the House of the supposed shortcomings of the late Government, especially when we find members of the new Ministry (who were also members of the old) listening as complacently to the tale as if it were a matter with which they, in their latest incarnation, could have no possible concern. To endure the part of a scapegoat in such circumstances—for such is the rôle to which ex-Ministers now seem to be condemned—must require more than ordinary gifts of magnanimity.

IT is a pity that the Civil List Pensions are not awarded on a more definite plan, say on the recommendation of a competent Committee of Authors and Journalists. I note, for example, a rather handsome grant to a charming writer, whose income (he is a young man) is not unsatisfactory, and to another who has never, I think, known the touch of privation. And I have in mind a writer of the type of Mr. Ashe King, who has written some excellent books, and is one of the ablest and justest reviewers of our time, and who, on the borders of seventy, finds a literary life one of struggle with narrowing fortune. I wish such examples were brought more regularly and systematically before the Prime Minister's eye.

THERE is no truth whatever in the German story that Sir Edward Grey has left the Foreign Office for good. His eye trouble has receded since his rest, and his return to Downing Street is, happily, fixed, and is a not distant event.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE REAL INEFFICIENCY OF GERMANY.

It is a curious perversity of mind which leads so many people to think that pacifism is refuted and discredited by the outbreak of this war. For in truth in this and other countries there were only two little groups of persons who really believed in the probability of an

early war. These were the pacifists and the militarists. Both were small fractions of the nations, for even in the most militarized nation, the definite adherents of the policy or necessity of war were comparatively few, while the notion that the perverse idealism of pacifists obstructed defensive preparations, and so precipitated war, is as false in history as it is foolish in theory. Pacifists believed in war and feared it. Militarists believed in war and desired it. Both recognized the meaning and ultimate issue of the growth of armaments and the intensification of national fears and suspicions. It was the ordinary educated man and woman, neither pacifist nor militarist, whose mind was staggered by the events of last August. For almost all of us believed in our hearts that the world-war was impossible. It is not true that Mr. Angell held that international finance and commerce were adequate instruments for stopping war, or that mere sentimental pacifists thought men to be too moral and too reasonable to fight. It was the common-sense, practical, educated member of the professional and commercial classes that was most deceived. It is his intelligence, if any, that ought to be discredited; for it was he who most fatally miscalculated the relative strength of the propelling and restraining forces. There had been so many rumors of world-war which had evaporated, the obvious interests of civilized nations had so often stopped the spread of the disease from disturbed areas. The Western World had definitely passed into the industrial era, retaining great armaments more as rudimentary survivals of medievalism than for actual use.

Now the terrible gravity of this mis-estimate we fully recognize. We see that the aggregate of forces precipitating war was stronger than we thought, and the checks were weaker. Moreover, though we attribute the immediate cause of the war to Germany, we are beginning to recognize that a calmer diagnosis will require us to go deeper down into the foundations of existing international relations for a fuller explanation. It is likely that our minds are too confused and our feelings too perturbed by the entanglement of terrible events to do this thinking quite successfully. But unless we begin to try to do this necessary work, it will not be done properly. Part of the psychology of war must be made amid the intellectual and emotional turmoil itself. It is to such work that Miss Petre has set herself in her keenly searching "Reflections of a Non-Combatant" (Longmans). She finds a profitable beginning for an understudy of the possibility and the fact of this war in the fatality of human destiny.

"It is fatalism to regard fate as the supreme arbiter of our destiny; to say that what is to be will be, and make no effort to fashion our own future. It is not fatalism to recognize that the destiny of mankind is too vast to be moulded by any single generation; that no co-operative effort could focus even the definite knowledge and wisdom of all humanity, much less its inchoate and undefined instincts and aspirations. The more we try to think together, the stupider we seem to become, and our collective stupidity is one great element of that fatality we are bound to recognize."

This last sentence conveys very accurately the feeling of most readers of the collections of diplomatic documents which purport to transcribe the efforts at co-operative thinking. But what really emerges, as Miss Petre herself well recognizes, is that diplomacy is only in a very slight and fragmentary way co-operative thinking. For the relations between States are not set firmly upon any co-operative basis. War is only the most tragical testimony to this lack of co-operation; diplomacy itself rests upon a separatist, even an antagonistic, foundation, only concealed in part by methods of formal courtesy. "The Foreign Office of each country and its Diplomatic Service

exist for the interests of that country, and no other; they do not exist for the cause of humanity at large, nor for the disinterested pursuit of the good of all. Hence they do not exist for the cause of peace, but to protect the interests of the country which they represent in time of peace." With true intellectual courage, Miss Petre finds in this selfish nationalism the key to German barbarity alike in warfare and diplomacy. Other nations have striven to temper the harshness of this nationalism by some more generous and disinterested considerations, seeking to mitigate the cruelty of war by humane conventions, and to convert diplomacy into an occasional implement of genuine co-operation. Not so Germany. She remains in an earlier stage of social and political development. She pursues ruthlessly the maxim, "Krieg ist Krieg," theorizing the primitive practice in her war-manuals and her political philosophy with a naïveté of intellectual pride. So with her *Real-politik*, it is nothing but the formalization of barbarian bluff and cunning. It is this single-minded ruthlessness of sentiment and logic that appears to give Germany her most powerful weapon in a struggle with nations affected by humamer considerations:—

"German national sentiment is the sentiment of an earlier civilization, which has, on the one hand, been preserved intact from the influence of modern social life, with its fuller sense of humanity as a whole; while it has, on the other hand, been elaborated into a science and philosophy by the far from backward German intellect. Politically, Germany is in a more primitive state of development than England or France; intellectually, she is fully their equal, and can defend her political outlook with all the wealth of her intelligence."

This narrow, intense, conscious, rationalized patriotism of Germany is in reality the force liberal Europe is "up against." Miss Petre sometimes appears to think that the tempering of such patriotism by wider human considerations in other nations may put them at a disadvantage in the struggle. But are the adoption of more humane methods of warfare and more just and truthful diplomacy really detrimental to the efficiency and survival value of a nation? To assert the affirmative seems to close the door of progress, by denying all opportunity for more enlightened nations to pass from the purely self-regarding stage of patriotism to the higher stage of spiritual and physical co-operation which Miss Petre herself regards as an attainable ideal. "The goal to which the best elements of the modern political world are tending is that of Mazzini—an international commonwealth, in which the love of each man for his country will be his most definite expression of his love for all the nations of the world." We must not, it is true, abandon the narrower fighting patriotism until the higher one is ready. But how is it to be made ready save by this very process of modification which carries the perils of transition? In the name of reason and humanity, the more advanced nation must undergo some apparently considerable risks and sacrifices in preparing the world for the better international future, trusting that these risks and sacrifices carry with them, as the very condition of their being, certain great preservative powers which are the true and ultimate sources and guarantees of human progress. Unless we are prepared to deny that "Prussianism" is true national efficiency, and to assert with confidence its final failure, we have not the faith which will be necessary to maintain the cause of civilization in the struggle against the attempt to impose militarism, segregation, and reaction which will take place in every country of Western Europe after this war is brought to a close.

THE SOLITARY CITY.

ASK anybody for the writers of the day, or even of the last hundred years, and ten to one he or she will give a string of novelists. Of living writers we know instantly the names that would be given, at all events up to six or eight, and Mr. Shaw's would be the only name not primarily distinguished for novel-writing. He would come in, not as the great pamphleteer, but for his pamphlet-dramas. The remainder, without exception, would have won their place by their novels. For literature has run to the novel. It yields novels as a cow yields milk, and in peace-time, we have been told, a healthy reader can lap up from six to nine a day fresh from the pen.

It was not ever thus. Through the third quarter of last century the list would have included three or four great novelists, it is true, but also it would have included three or four great poets—Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold at least—and three or four great prose writers who had never published a novel in their lives; such men, for certain, as Carlyle, Ruskin, Huxley, Emerson; and Newman too, unless "Loss and Gain" could pass as a novel. Whether Walter Bagehot would have been inevitably included in that list, one is not sure. He never quite reached the wide popularity and influence of those other great names, and yet he might be called a great writer if one did not stress the word "great" too heavily. No one could be imagined less like the novelist who dominates the literature of to-day. But he acquired an unusual variety of experience, he absorbed a large amount of first-hand knowledge, his range of sympathetic interest was wide, and with mind singularly fresh and alert, he steered a fine course for himself, crowding abundant activity into a shortish life. On the whole, we think a really discriminating judge would have put him on the list forty or fifty years ago.

The question is of interest just now on account of the new collection of his works. That Messrs. Longmans should publish "The Life and Works of Walter Bagehot," edited in ten large volumes by Mrs. Russell Barrington, is evidence that a great number of people still value him very highly. And certainly it is a delight to turn the pages and browse upon the essays and treatises as they come. We take up the first volume, and open at the Letters written from Paris in 1852, when Bagehot was only twenty-six. We glance at almost any sentence; how keen and alert is the mind revealed! He is writing of character, for instance, what an unchangeable bent it gets whether in the man or the nation:—

"Take the soft mind of the boy," he writes, "and (strong and exceptional aptitudes, and tendencies excepted) you may make him merchant, barrister, butcher, baker, surgeon, or apothecary. But once make him an apothecary and he will never afterwards bake wholesome bread; make him a butcher and he will kill too extensively, even for a surgeon. . . . The Jews of to-day are the Jews in face and form of the Egyptian sculptures; in character they are the Jews of Moses; the negro is the negro of a thousand years; the Chinese, by his own account, is the mummy of a million."

And in another letter, writing of the contrast between the French and English characters, he says:—

"I like to hear a Frenchman talk. He strikes a light, but what light he will strike it is impossible to predict. I think he doesn't know himself. Now, I know you see at once how this would operate on a Parliamentary Government; but I give you a gentle illustration. All England knows Mr. Disraeli, the witty orator, the exceedingly clever, *littérateur*, the versatile politician; and all England has made up its mind that the stupidest country gentleman

would be a better Home Secretary than the accomplished descendant of the 'Caucasian race.' Now, suppose, if you only can, a House of Commons all Disraelis, and do you imagine that Parliament would work? It would be what M. Proudhon said of some French assemblies, 'a box of matches.'

It is young; it is tinged with rhetoric, and just tainted by Macaulay's mood. But, after more than sixty years, how fresh it is, and how interesting for its vivacity as well as for its glimpses into a living past! Over the next essay in the volume all Oxford men would be tempted to linger; for it is called "Oxford," and was written (apparently in the same year) upon the Royal Commission "appointed to inquire into the State, Discipline, and Studies of the University, 1852." Bagehot was not an Oxford man. He was rather proud of the superior amount of knowledge which he imbibed at University College, London. In his essay on Shelley he wrote: "A distinguished pupil of the University of Oxford once observed to us, 'The use of the University of Oxford is that no one over-reads himself there. The appetite for knowledge is repressed.'" In the same vein, he makes fine mockery of All Souls, of Lincoln, and of the Professors who never profess to teach. He tells a characteristic story about Oxford's dislike of learned conversation:—

"A head of a house was presented to Napoleon after the peace of Amiens, and was asked on his return what was his opinion of the French Emperor. 'Sir,' replied the dignitary, 'you see at once he is not a University man; he talks about the classics!'"

But amid all this satire—satire which the Oxford man will endure with godlike indifference, or accept as praise—that wide sympathy of which we spoke prevented Bagehot from remaining blind to Oxford's peculiar influence, and the teaching which no class-list or statistics can record. No one was less like the typical "reformer." With all his special knowledge of Lombard Street and business, Bagehot's wrist was never in the army of Philistia. He poured equal satire upon Robert Lowe, "an intelligent gentleman, who having recently become a legislator, seemed entitled to very special attention," and regarded Oxford as "a preparation for Australia":—

"Mr. Lowe tells us," he writes, "that he has seen in the Colonies Oxford men placed in situations in which they have reason 'bitterly to regret that their costly education, while making them intimately acquainted with remote events and distant nations, had left them in utter ignorance of the laws of nature, and placed them under immense disadvantages in that struggle with her which they had to maintain.'"

The Oxford of which Bagehot wrote was a University from which Dissenters were still excluded. In the Commission's Report we hear, perhaps for the first time, that the "Unattached" were possible beings. Bagehot considered that Oxford was unpopular, that year by year authority and dominion were leaving the classes that revered her, and passing to those who knew her not. "What do the people in Wigan care for the dons in Oxford?" he asked. Worse than that: Oxford was sending out emissaries, and "wherever one of the grave figures passed with a dark dress and a pale face, and an Oxford caution, he left an impression," and—well, in short the Englishman scented Popery, and thought of burning. And yet, when the worst was said, Bagehot perceived that "a place of education so winning and so effective may have many failings, but must have great merit." She supplies a training, he says, under which those who really enjoy the best books take an interest in human life, concerning which those books are entirely written. "We are not Germans," he exclaims,

"who care for what is not!" and, as to the highest result of Oxford's influence, he writes:—

"It is of immense importance that there should be among the more opulent and comfortable classes a large number of minds trained by early discipline to habitual restraint and sobriety. The very ignorance of such people is better than the best knowledge of half mankind."

Restraint and sobriety? No more than that! Does it not sound rather chilly in comparison with the praise uttered by Bagehot's own contemporary, that true son of Oxford, who beheld her as the adorable dreamer:—

"Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic!" (let us repeat once more the beautiful and familiar words) "who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage, to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in those incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise to have left miles out of sight behind him—the bondage of 'was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine!'"

"Quomodo sedet"—How doth the city now sit solitary—that adorable dreamer who sits like Rachel mourning for her children, and will not be comforted! Again she has given herself prodigally, and about her desolated streets move fathers of wisdom who have buried their spiritual sons. Thousands of them have gone—eight thousand, we have heard—into peril of life and the extremity of sacrifice. But when Oxford (to use the words of the same great poet again), by her ineffable charm, kept ever calling them nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—"nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen"—we may feel assured that they answered her call, not with heady talk of patriotism, or with boastful ebullitions, but with sobriety, with habitual restraint.

A SERBIAN SCULPTOR.

THERE is no subject which inspires more unmitigated nonsense than national genius, and the rubbish is as worthless when it is pedantic and well-informed as when it is facile and journalistic. A gifted and original sculptor has this week exhibited an extremely stimulating collection of his works at South Kensington. If they had chanced to make their appearance anonymously, and some months before this war broke out, we wonder very much what the world would have said about them. It would, we think, have been considerably puzzled. It would have noted the remarkable diversity of idiom and style. It would have said, and said quite safely, that the unknown and mysterious artist was a man of real power and remarkable versatility. He produces Greek vases which have a grace of form, and in their figures a joy of movement and a delight in the human body, which seem triumphantly Hellenic. He turns to religious themes, and he handles them with a primitive stiffness, a monkish contempt for the flesh, and, with it all, an emotional power that suggest the triumphant struggles of a medieval craftsman to achieve expression with an undeveloped technique. In other pieces one seems to detect a momentary Assyrian or Egyptian influence. Again, he breaks out in a rough simplicity in colossal heads, violent masks of passion and anger that seem to have left behind all conventions, and with them any effort after beauty, in a striving after strength and force. If we had to guess what personality and life-

history lay behind this collection which had come to London without a name, out of nowhere, what should we have said about the sculptor Ignotus? We should have said, in all probability, that he was a comparatively young man, with a very versatile talent and great powers of assimilation, whose personality was struggling in one idiom after another to find its natural style. We should have guessed that he had wandered from one school to another, and from one master to another, finding in every living experiment something congenial and suggestive. We should have found in his work an ultra-modern cosmopolitan note, and we might have concluded our estimate with the conviction that the unknown artist, as his evident genius developed, would evolve from these many styles, all of which he had handled with so much daring and mastery, a universal idiom, a manner in sculpture which would be, after Rodin's, the first entirely free and natural expression of the modern European vision.

Unluckily, the new sculptor has come to us with a label. His name ends in —itch. He is an undoubted Slav, and the prospectus of his exhibition (with the names of four Coalition Ministers upon it) invites us to see in his work "the unconquerable spirit which inspires our Serbian allies." Most of the newspaper critics recognize in his sculptures "the genius of the Southern Slavs," and unless the German professors had been otherwise occupied, we should, no doubt, have had from them already at least one learned monograph to the same effect. There seems to be no possibility of argument, for, unluckily, we know so little about other manifestations of this genius that we can neither assent nor contradict. If anyone had said that Whistler was a typical expression of the Yankee genius, the plain man would have retorted at once that he did not recognize in the symphonies and the nocturnes the essential spirit of Chicago. If anyone had said that Rodin's rough, vehement, powerful work was exquisitely French, we should all of us have replied that it is rather odd that neither in literature nor in music nor in painting, has the French mind hitherto expressed itself in this manner. But there is no answering anyone who says that Meshtrovitch is the typical Serb, turned sculptor, because, folk-lore and embroideries apart, the artistic impulse of the Serbs has not yet expressed itself at all. One can only timidly invite those who detect the national genius to inform us in which of these many styles they find it. Is it in the Greek vases, or in the archaic bas-reliefs, or in the rough heroic heads which betray the influence of Rodin? The utmost which anyone can soberly say is that this gifted and daring artist, after undergoing a cosmopolitan training in Vienna and Paris, and absorbing many influences, both ancient and contemporary, has turned his talents to the theme of Serbian history, as Rodin turned his intensely individual imagination to French history, in the groups which illustrate the Revolution, and in the "Burghers of Calais." We suspect, however, that the product is as personal in the one case as in the other. We readily allow individuality to an American or a Frenchman, because we are familiar with innumerable artists of their nations, who express themselves in many different ways. A Serbian sculptor is unique, and therefore we absurdly assume that his genius is the national genius. It is true that he has found some of his inspiration in the legends, the history, the national aspirations and sufferings of the Serbs. But his style, his theories of what sculpture should do, and above all, his emotional, expressive treatment of the human body, seem to us ultra-modern and cosmopolitan, the product not of Belgrade and Agram, but of Vienna and Paris. Mr. Epstein used to exhibit (with some personal variations) many of

the same tendencies, and he comes of an older race than the Slavs.

What this sculpture really does represent, is, to our own eyes a reaction against classical conventions, which is essentially modern and sophisticated. It is not the natural stiffness and simplicity which one might have found in old-world Serbian art, if old Serbia had possessed any art at all. It is the revolt of an extremely cultivated hand against all the traditions of the schools. It is tired of regarding the human body as a thing of grace and beauty, with a surface invariably suggestive of well-nourished youth, and proportions that observe a measured rule. It will conserve just so much of anatomy and form as will give to its rough masses a human semblance, and, for the rest, everything shall be subordinated to the expression of emotion. These masses of stone or plaster or metal must be made to sob or to threaten. One suspects that if the modern sculptor could have induced us to regard an oak or a rock as expressive, he would rather have taken them as the basis of his art than the human form. But he will allow himself no incidental lingering to produce an exquisitely modelled arm or leg, or a figure that strikes us first as an athlete in perfect training, before we think what it means. Proportion is disregarded, and modelling is emphasized only when some emotional suggestion can be conveyed by it. We are to receive an impression of overwhelming grief or unscrupulous violence or defiant triumph, and nothing irrelevant shall interfere with it. The classical sculptor thought in universal terms. Every image that he finished was first of all a perfect example of the human idea. Its attitude, its expression, did but render this idea in one of its accidents. It was the human form incidentally grieving or wrestling or playing. The modern takes the human idea for granted. It does not interest him. It would seem to him jejune and abstract. He is absorbed in the gesture or the emotion, and he grudges every detail that is not significant.

Meshtrovitch has shown us in his Greek vases that he can, when he chooses to trifle, excel in an achievement after the classical manner. But it is no accident that the sculptor of those ultra-modern heroic heads and mourning captives and stiff victors should, in his religious reliefs, have experimented with an archaic style. It is not peasant art. It suggests to us nothing Serbian. It is the spirit of a primitive Italian painter, rendered with a daring and original technique in very flat reliefs. The tradition was congenial, because this primitive ascetic contempt for the body, this refusal of the early religious painter to give way to the allurements of the flesh, allowed him to concentrate all his art upon expressiveness. He cared very little that the figures of his saints should be anatomically exact or beautiful to the sensual eye, but he was resolved to make them significant vehicles of emotion. The "Descent from the Cross" in wood is, from this standpoint, one of the most masterly compositions which we have ever seen. It expresses grief and it expresses nothing else. The stiffness, the sharpness of line, the archaic human forms, are worked as it were into a sort of decorative pattern, which conveys its overwhelming sense of grief. It achieves by wilfully significant line what the dim amorphous sculptured figures achieve by significant mass.

Meshtrovitch remains, in these curious experiments, with an old-world manner, a modern of the moderns. The unpleasant archaic "Crucifixion" is a bold atrocity, just because the clever sculptor who made it is not a reverent medieval. A medieval painter invariably defied probability by making the thorn-crowned head beautiful and serene. This head has a realistically collapsed face

and dropped jaw. We once saw by a roadside in the Balkans a row of crucifixes on which brigands had lately hung; the local photographer kept a record of the scene. It showed this same dropped jaw. That is, in this exhibition the one detail—perhaps we should also add the crude and repulsive head of that Serbian national hero, who assassinated the Sultan on the eve of Kossovo—which did to our eyes recall the Balkans. The heroic figure of Marko Kraljevic on his steed is no more specifically Serbian than the "Physical Energy" of Watts is English. The historic Marko was, in sober fact, simply a formidable fighting man who had sold his sword to the Turks. The Marko of the legends is a genial, strong man, a kind of medieval Herakles, who drank inordinate quantities of wine, and performed prodigies of physical prowess. The only really characteristically pretty Serbian touch in the whole epic was his habit, when he drank, of giving half the barrelful to his horse. For in Serbian folk-poetry, if there is anything more pleasing than the shrewd and riotous wit of some of the old tales, it is their brotherliness towards animals. For our part, we find ourselves hoping that this brilliant and sensitive genius, who seems to us to stand somewhere after Rodin, at the head of European sculpture, will not be tempted to give too much of his talent to illustrating the crude and bloody passions of the old-world heroes and assassins of the Balkans. If a Greek sculptor had represented those immortal regicides, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, he would have made them inspired and beautiful youths. A modern sculptor, when he has had a Balkan breeding, represents only a horrible mask of murder, which expresses the same concentrated bloody-mindedness as Blake's ghost of a flea. It is a sterile and childish tradition, this bug-a-boo Balkan nightmare of brigands and modern comitadjis, and we suspect it will coarsen and degrade any art which lingers for long to record it. Meshtrovitch is a European talent, possessed of an ultra-modern technique. If he is lured by the myth of "national genius" into being barbaric, he will not achieve native simplicity. What he represents in that mood is simply a decadent reaction of the schools against the traditions of the schools.

THE RARE FLOWER.

It is the rare flower that is rich also that moves our enthusiasm. It is admirable to see grave men excited about some microscopic difference in an insignificant whitlow-grass, or searching a field of hawk-weed for one that is slightly taller or shorter or woollier than the others. The rare flower should be at least as beautiful as the dandelion, which commands our wonder, though never so common; it should belong to the rare genus of a rare and beautiful family, and be the most beautiful species of the genus. Some would postulate extraordinary medicinal properties, perhaps ask that the unique example of *Regina solis* when found could be distilled into the elixir of life. The ideal rare flower so tantalizes us with evanescent splendor of form and color that we readily invent such properties as a materialization of its precious character. Some have been so gross as to make it the index of a gold mine, as they have buried a bag of gold at the end of the rainbow. Others have wrought treason against the rare flower by offering gold for it when plucked, and more gold for its root, thereby bringing it still nearer to extinction.

Should the rare flower be an orchid? The family's curious method of fertilization, infinitely diversified among its thousands of species, and resulting in or accompanied by strange distortions and colorings of

the floral envelope, has made its collection the hobby of millionaires. It is a pathetic family, because, in spite of its elaborate contrivances for cross-fertilization, and the enormous abundance of seeds that every individual sets, it only manages to cling, often in small numbers, to isolated and hard places, where the competition of humbler herbs is not keen. Darwin counted and estimated the seeds of our commonest orchis, *O. maculata*, and found them to number 186,300 on a single spike. Such a number would thickly plant an acre, and the next year would overcrowd such an area as the Island of Anglesey, while the great-grandchildren "would nearly clothe with one uniform green carpet the entire surface of the land throughout the globe." Yet, in spite of what we might call the plant's anxiety in the matter of correct parentage, each plant produces only one new one "every few years."

Even so much success is enough to make the spotted orchis about as common as prunella in its own district. No one bothers to pick prunella, beautiful as it is, but we run after the orchis in its dowdy mauve and smudged white because there is a something about it that makes it a flower to be picked. Still more sought-after are the bee, the butterfly, the spider, the fly, the frog, the man, and other species of the British list familiarly called orchids. The grotesqueness of each of them seems to be equally connected with a desire for an unusually large and healthy family, but they cannot modify Nature's fiat that in our age they shall struggle almost vainly on the edge of extinction.

Almost the rarest of British orchids is, as it should be, the most grotesque, and that is to say, perhaps, in the orchis style, the most beautiful. Once now and then a single blossom of the Lizard orchis appears somewhere in Kent, happily sets its seeds, then vanishes perhaps for a year or two. Whether a single one of its seeds produces a plant is doubtful, but in due time it is whispered that from the same old root or some other another spike is coming. Its growth is carefully watched, possibly guarded by a railing (but that is dangerous, because it advertises as well as guards), and on the glad day when the long twisted petals that more or less simulate the forms of lizards are fully extended, initiate flower-lovers come from London and elsewhere to marvel round it on their knees.

Perhaps the flower that the writer saw this week is less rare than the lizard orchis. Surely it is more beautiful, and therefore on the balance of points quite as near to the ideal of a rare and perfect flower. Each of them bears in the London Catalogue the same number, signifying that it has been found in four only of the hundred and twelve botanical counties in which Great Britain is divided. Ours is *Cephalanthera rubra*. The local belief, probably wrong, is that it is now found only in our administrative county, and there only in four spots four or five miles distant from one another. At any rate, the other habitats are far away, and men come long journeys even on the bare chance estimated by a reference to the calendar that our rare helleborine may have opened perhaps two blossoms for them to look at.

It is the beech wood that our precious thing loves, and even quite close to haunts of man many beech woods are quite untrdden for months together by the casual rambler. Possibly so beautiful a flower has been recently exterminated in some of the more accessible spots. The places where it is found now have a difficulty of approach that heightens the romantic value of the find. In June, the little genus of the helleborines has the beech woods almost to itself. Scarcely any other summer flower is there to pierce the age-old carpet of dead leaves, and display its beauty in those solemn aisles. The white

helleborine is remarkable enough, breaking out between its diminishing leaves its pearly blooms with half-open throat of flaming orange. It can be seen in ten times as many botanical counties as *rubra* which, piercing the dead leaves in the very centre of a wood, lifts a far more elegant stalk with flowers on it of a luminous rose-pink not to be matched in color by any other jewel of Flora's realm.

One who has gone to the worship of *rubra* year by year knows the landmarks of his journey over rough, bare hills, then down the precipitous side of a wooded gorge to the spot as small as a croquet lawn where five or six plants come up, three or four of them in a good year bearing blossoms. One of our habitats had been lost for twenty years, then found two years ago by one person now in bed. We got from him a charted note of the locality, and set out to find *rubra* in this comparatively new place. The chart looked plain till we came to the place which is full of hills. A path marked through wood on paper seemed to run over bare stones, and landmarks that seemed within a step of one another were sundered by a gully that it would take an hour to climb across. The memory of the cartographer must surely be at fault and we were very much in doubt as to which way to go.

But when a flower is rich as well as rare, anyone who goes by awkward paths enough may stumble on it. Children in search of wild strawberries, or lost in the wood, may stumble on that which scarcely a botanist has seen, and treat a blossom reputed extinct just as they would a rather superior cowslip. While we stumbled through an almost impenetrable thicket on the way to a spot from which we had some hope of reconciling the country and the chart, one of us almost trod upon a flame of magenta, and though he had never seen the marvellous thing before, cried out: "Why, here it is!"

And there it is, a rare flower worthy of its rarity. Such a rose-claret shot with a fire of invisible blue as no other blossom of field or garden wears. What can we do with it? Press it between boards into a thing of two dimensions, flattening the curves of its flower-head and crushing the spring of its lancy leaves to the four ways of heaven? What particular hue of scorch and fermentation would that indescribable pink take in the *hortus siccus*? We do not know, only that it would be something horrible. Somebody could paint it, though it is very nearly unpaintable. It is impossible to raise progeny from its ten thousand seed, because it has the whole wood to itself in its own conditions and yet leaves no issue. The memory will not carry its brightness for five minutes, always finding itself mistaken when it looks again. We can only leave it there in its Sphinx-like glory and pray heaven that we see it there again next year.

Letters to the Editor.

BELGIUM AND PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In connection with the letters of Messrs. J. A. Farrer and Charles Roden Buxton in your issue of 26th inst., on the subject of certain suggestions of a peace-settlement made in the last weeks by various Germans, or supposed German agents, will you allow a Belgian a few words on what he considers the true interests of his country in this matter?

It is evident that Belgium's interest cannot possibly lie in the continuation, between her great neighbors, of a conflict for which she is not responsible, a conflict which

threatens to transform her territory into a vast cemetery under immense ruins.

On the other hand, no Belgian would buy immunity, even from so horrible a fate, at the price of the liberty and independence of his country.

The true interest of my country is that there should be a general European arrangement fulfilling the following conditions:—

1. Evacuation of Belgium and adequate compensation for losses.

2. Establishment of a durable and, if possible, permanent peace, securing Belgium from a renewal of a similar calamity.

3. Establishment of an international economic régime securing to Belgium, as to all other countries, the possibilities of resuming its economic activities and expansion.

Is such an arrangement possible?

In a study published two years ago in Paris by the "Ligue du Libre-Exchange," and entitled "Pax Economica," I proposed that all the European nations should agree to put in practice the régime of the open door, or, at least, of equal advantages for all nationalities in their colonies (certain British countries, which are colonies only by name, should be considered as autonomous States in this regard). Freedom in economic matters should gradually be extended to the relations of home countries among each other. Such, I then wrote, was the only means of avoiding a European conflagration. Does not the present situation urge our reconsidering the whole European problem from this point of view?

Mr. Charles Roden Buxton points out with justice that it is precisely upon economic arrangements that Germany seems likely to insist in the future. I would like to add that it is on such economic points that Germany might insist with most show of reason.

It should nowadays be possible to reconcile political peace with economic antagonism.—Yours, &c.,

HENRI LAMBERT,
Maitre de Verreries à Charleroi (Belgique), Membre
de la Société d'Economique Politique de Paris.
June 30th, 1915.

PEACE SUGGESTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—*Apropos* of the peace suggestions which, it is stated by your correspondents, Messrs. Farrer and Buxton, have recently been put forward by Germany, will these two gentlemen be good enough to inform your readers what is likely to be the value of the guarantee Germany may give that she will abide by the terms of any treaty to which she sets her signature? The events recorded in "The History of Twelve Days" give rise to the suspicion, at any rate in the mind of an average man like myself, that the German proposals are launched merely for the purpose of gaining time for recuperation for a prolongation of the war; and more, those events evoke the desire that no German proposals should even be discussed by Germany's enemies until it has been put out of her power to break treaties and outrage civilization with impunity. Nations, like individuals, who are guilty of housebreaking and perjury, must be restrained by force, if necessary. After what has occurred since the end of last July, Germany cannot be treated as if she were a Christian nation.

By the way, I have not defined what I mean by "Germany," because your correspondents have not done so. Mr. Farrer appears to use the word as signifying "the chief German ministers," Mr. Buxton as "the German people." There may be a vast difference between the two meanings.—Yours, &c.,

London, June 27th, 1915.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Without wishing to take part in the controversy about conscription, may I be allowed to submit the following statement?

There is no proof, indeed no evidence, in existence that the introduction of conscription or the compulsory levy of men for the fighting forces has stimulated recruiting on

"voluntary" lines. On the other hand, there is abundant evidence to prove that the latter was not at all stimulated by the former.

In Continental navies, especially the French and German—and, though less obviously, the Italian and even the Russian—efforts were made for several years to raise at least the "active service" or "first line" part of the sea-going personnel by voluntary methods. These efforts, without exception, failed, although the compulsion was not only available, but was actually in operation. To those who went carefully into the matter it was certain that the two methods—the compulsory and the voluntary—cannot exist side by side for the same force; and, if an attempt on anything like a great scale is made to keep them both, compulsion will swallow up the other plan.—Yours, &c.,

A. B.

June 26th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your antagonism to National Service you have the sympathy of all those who began this war in the fervent hope that Great Britain would be able to carry it through by voluntary methods. And yet the course of the war seems to outweigh your arguments against compulsion.

What begins to loom above the horizon is an inconclusive peace as the result of a drawn conflict. Does not the prospect reconcile us to any measures which might avert it?

The great series of blows which the Germanic powers have struck at Russia has rendered remote the chance of a Russian offensive. In the west the long-established deadlock still holds, despite French successes. *Quousque tandem?* The months pass, and while France bears a breaking strain, our share in the holding of the long line, and our capacity for striking and for striking again and again, are both relatively small and disappointing. The reasons are well known. Mr. Lloyd George is occupied—six months late—in dealing with them. Things drift towards a draw.

Will this country have a decisive voice against a give-and-take peace in the autumn unless she makes it plain to her Allies and to the world that she is unreservedly "all in" to see this moral conflict fought to a decision? Could she make it plain by any step short of National Service?

There is in existence a great mass of opinion which is sceptical whether the talk about fighting for liberty and nationalism and the sanctity of treaties is more than talk. It will rest with those who are by tradition and conviction most opposed to war and preparations for war to provide the faith and *moral* which shall carry this conflict through to a decision. A drawn conflict would mean only postponement and resumption, and as a result universal militaristic preparations greatly aggravated by the horrid lessons of the war. If peace comes before the mind in which Germany began and carried out this war has been changed, she will impose that mind on the world, and under its dominion every cause dear to Liberalism and Democracy will suffer eclipse. It is for the protagonists of Liberalism to avert this. It is for pacifists to be unyielding.

Hence the question is not merely one of devising ways and means towards the end of improvising an army. At this moment the immediate task of improvisation is probably not suffering greatly for lack of National Service. But if Great Britain has to rally and lead the world to the decision of the moral issues which Germany has raised she must convince the world that as a whole nation she is completely committed to the task, and she must undertake war measures far wider in scope than any yet contemplated. For both reasons she must adopt National Service.—Yours, &c.,

NEVILLE S. TALBOT

(Acting-Chaplain to the Forces).

In the Ypres Salient, June 24th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—"We have to conquer Germany. But if we emerge from this war with a conscript army Germany will have conquered us."—(THE NATION, May 22nd, 1915.)

Who are "we"? THE NATION takes its stand for the principle of voluntary service—and voluntary abstention. Germany has to be conquered by the conscript armies of our Allies, with the help of that portion of the Empire population

which does its duty. They who abstain will share the ruin, if it comes; they will not share the glory. If your principles demand that the brave and unselfish shall fight for you, at least abstain from claiming their deeds as your own. *They* have to conquer Germany, please. You may not say "we"—Yours, &c.,

WILFRID S. JACKSON.

The Beacon, Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

[It is the people of this country who are "we." This "we" has hitherto represented a free land. It has used its freedom to man the greatest Navy the world has ever known and to raise up over two millions of the best soldiers. If well handled, it will send more. Now this "we" is only to act under compulsion. That seems to us a misused and misunderstood "we."—ED., THE NATION.]

CONSCRIPTION IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I must apologize to Sir R. K. Wilson for my careless omission of the quotation marks, more especially if this omission made it appear that I based my "curiously distorted" view upon his supposed authorship of those particular words. But is there any other way in which my omission could have done him injustice? Nicolay and Hay, using Greeley, together with many other more valuable sources, added a further reflection which was conspicuously wanting in Sir R. K. Wilson's history of those years, but which is essential to the present discussion.

May I state, or repeat, six facts which I think your correspondent will not attempt to deny? (1) Congress passed the Compulsion Bill because, however unpopular, it seemed the only way of raising the numbers needed, before it should be too late. (2) The violence offered to those engaged in working the Bill was almost, if not altogether, confined to aliens and "undesirables." (3) The country, shortly afterwards, strongly endorsed Lincoln's policy, one of the most controversial points of which was his support of this Bill. (4) The South, having adopted conscription earlier, had for some time been able to offer unexpected resistance to the far more populous North. (5) Lincoln himself expressly pleaded this fact as a compelling necessity, writing of the Southern compulsory method that "it produces an army with a rapidity not to be matched on our side, if we first waste time to re-experiment with the volunteer system" (N. and H. VII. 34: italics mine). (6) After the passing of the Compulsion Bill the necessary numbers were at last forthcoming, and the North won. I am confident that Sir R. K. Wilson will deny none of these facts; and, though writing only from memory, I have equal confidence in begging your readers to compare them with his first letter, and to say whether my "curiously distorted" view is not justified. With regard to his present letter, while acknowledging the ingenuity of his different arguments, I contend that the single sentence I have quoted from Lincoln sweeps them all away. The Southern conscription broke down only after the North had at last determined to meet it by a bigger conscription. Its success until then is vouched by the unimpeachable and reluctant evidence of Lincoln, who hated unnecessary compulsion.

Sir Roland Wilson ends by insinuating that he could point out serious errors in my "Greek, Roman, and Italian history." Would he not do better to begin with the history of his admiring supporter, Mr. C. E. Maurice, who thinks that the Americans won the battle of Bunker's Hill? May I hope that the subject is of sufficient present importance to warrant your permitting us to exchange two more letters each? If not, your correspondent will doubtless feel that he, personally, owes me chapter and verse for his accusation, *the more so as I made, in fact, no mention of Greece*; I will gladly undertake not only to give him the last word, but to print the correspondence, without further comment, at my own expense. There is so much false history current on this subject, and it is often treated with so little sense of responsibility, that our national ignorance seems to many Englishmen, and to still more foreigners, a serious danger.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

Great Shelford, Cambridge, June 29th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I shall be glad if you can spare space to correct a misprint in my second letter on the above subject. In line 17 I am made to say that "the qualifying remark (viz., that the drafts powerfully stimulated enlistment), though *more* unlikely to be true, is incapable of proof." I wrote "though *not* unlikely to be true."—Yours, &c.,

ROLAND K. WILSON.

86, Church Road, Richmond, Surrey,
June 26th, 1915.

THE USE OF POISON GAS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems to me that the paragraph you quote from M. Denis has no bearing whatever on our possible use of asphyxiating gas.

We do not, from a military point of view, consider that gas as "a cold and calculated cruelty," but simply as the latest and most modern implement of scientific warfare. If we have to use it, we shall have to do so just as much (and no more) as we should have to use it if its fumes sent our men out of the world lapped in pleasing dreams of a coming paradise. Its cruelty is simply an "accident," and, of course, we should be glad to avoid that "accident" in our gas, if possible. The analogy between poisoned gas and poisoned wells is very incomplete—still more so that between gas and attacks on non-combatants. The first is an incident of the actual fighting—is a purely military action. If the Germans could pump poisoned water down our men's throats, the analogy would be complete; but we are not forced, in actual combat, to drink of poisoned wells. The "Lusitania" and other non-combatants incidents are of the nature of moral terrorization, and may be met by such moral means as an indignant refusal to consider their use for one moment. We might possibly have to fire through screens of non-combatants, just as we cannot avoid causing suffering to civilians within a besieged town; but both these actions are, of course, purely military in intention and are not "terroristic." The line to be drawn seems to me to be very clear.

If gas is necessary from a military point of view to repel gas, then civilians who try to persuade our War Office *not* to use it would be, in my opinion, guilty of the constructive murder of our own men. It is purely a military point, for our military authorities to determine.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

19, Lancaster Road, Hampstead, N.W.
June 26th, 1915.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE MUNITIONS BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I crave the hospitality of your columns for a statement of the utmost gravity as to the situation of Great Britain in regard to the immediate future development of the present campaign in Belgium and France?

The virile eloquence of Mr. Lloyd George has accomplished its purpose, and our journals are soberly jubilating over the hearty practical response of our manufacturing centres to his appeals for an increased production of munitions. The manufacture of shot, shell, high explosives, cannon, and machine guns is going on with accelerating rapidity. We are confidently anticipating the day when we shall, out of our surplus, be able to supplement the stocks of our French and Belgian allies, and pour supplies into Russia through the re-opened Dardanelles. But the country is living in a fool's paradise. None of these greatly desirable—indeed indispensable—things can happen, unless the efforts of our munition makers are supplemented by prompt and strenuous effort in another direction. The munitions we are accumulating can never, in actual conditions, reach the armies for which they are intended, for the simple and sufficient reason that our railways cannot carry them.

It is, to me, nothing less than amazing that this hiatus in the links which bind our factories to our fighting front should not have been generally detected before. The fact that our railways have already hopelessly broken down even under

the comparatively slight extra strain to which they have been subjected by the war must be known to many thousands of people, because for months past—in fact, ever since the beginning of the war—they have been refusing freight. How, then, can they be expected to struggle successfully against the fresh flood of heavy material, amounting to millions of tons, which they will be called upon to handle during the next few months?

The choice which our railways will be forced to make is as disastrous as it is simple. Either they must refuse the ordinary internal traffic of the country altogether—which will mean starvation to hundreds of thousands of our population—in order to supply our soldiers with the promised extra munitions, or they must carry at least a certain minimum amount of ordinary mercantile matter and half-starve the Army.

The intellectual calibre of our railway magnates may be gauged by the muddle into which they have suffered our railway system to lapse. Their worth as citizens is displayed in the fact that, being perfectly aware of the gravity of the situation, and of the existence of a speedy and efficient remedy, they decline to apply that remedy, because they fear that its application must be preceded by an inquiry which will reveal the truth to the public.

I desire to make the following categorical statements regarding the actual condition of our railways:—

Their management is in the hands of people ignorant of the scientific principles which should govern the transport of goods and of the means of ameliorating the condition of our railways which science offers them.

The officials of those Departments of the Board of Trade which are principally concerned with internal transport, *viz.*, the Railway Department and the London Traffic Branch, so far from exercising the functions of guardians of the public interest, devote their efforts to bolstering up the existing condition of affairs, Burke inquiry, and render improvement impossible.

Both our railway magnates and the Board of Trade are, and have been for years past, aware of the existence of Mr. Alfred Warwick Gattie's scheme for the reform of railway conditions by the erection of goods-clearing houses. Both are aware that that scheme has received the warm support of the most distinguished living engineers and economists; both are perfectly aware of its ability to do all that its inventor and supporters claim for it; both know that its adoption would result in an annual national economy of several hundreds of millions of pounds; not one among them would dare to speak one public word in denial of its efficacy; both have used their most strenuous efforts to prevent its adoption.

Both our railway magnates and the Board of Trade know that a modified adaptation of Mr. Gattie's scheme, which would enable our railways to satisfy the demands of the Army, and at the same time to minister to the needs of our home population, has been worked out, and might be translated into being in the course of a few weeks.

I dare any living man to speak one word in contradiction of any essential portion of this statement.

The remedy for this condition of affairs is too obvious to need to be dwelt upon. Its application lies in the hands of Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade. I await his action, and subscribe myself—Yours, &c.,

HENRY MURRAY.

Chiswick, W., June 29th, 1915.

[We publish Mr. Murray's statement of the case for inquiring into and adopting a modification of Mr. Gattie's clearing-house scheme, leaving him responsibility for his statements. But he is undoubtedly right in saying that it has received support in highly competent quarters.—ED., THE NATION.]

ITALIAN POLICY IN DALMATIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Seton-Watson has not seen the point of my letter in your issue of June 5th. I had no reason to "evoke the main issues of the Italo-Slav problem," since I was not concerned with the problem itself (and that was

clearly stated), but only with Mr. Seton-Watson's method and qualifications, as shown by his own presentation of the problem. My letter was not written in "anger," but only expressed the natural indignation of an old admirer of Baron Sonnino's political honesty at the absurd charge of "intriguing" brought against him by Mr. Seton-Watson.

Mr. Seton-Watson "pins me to hard facts"—that is, he repeats for the hundredth time the lesson he has learnt from Austrian official statistics. I do not wonder at his blind trust in the truthfulness of Austrian officials; up to four years ago, at least, after long studies and mature reflection, he was still among those who thought that Austria had a mission of *Kultur* in the Balkans, as against Pan-Serb and, I may add, Italian, national aspirations.—Yours, &c.,

RAFFAELLO PICCOLI.

[Under the circumstances we think that this controversy, which must be painful to all parties, had better close.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE CHURCHES AND THE WAR LOAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It has been said with truth by a weekly journal that "there ought to be a savings campaign as widespread and as persistent as the recruiting campaign" ("The New Statesman," June 26th). It is greatly to be desired that both the Press and the Pulpit should take up the words. If the clergy of the various churches would explain the character and conditions of the War Loan from the pulpit, appealing primarily to patriotic motives, but also pointing out the practical advantages which it offers, a large class of small investors—workmen, laborers, domestic servants, &c.—which is, so far, untapped would be reached.

While individually small, the resources of this class, as a class, are great: taking the Empire's wide basis, it could provide a practically inexhaustible loan by which the war could be financed and national thrift promoted. There are very many more small investors in France and Germany than here, because the notion of small investments is unfamiliar to our people. It should be naturalized among them; and the co-operation of the clergy would be invaluable, because of the frequent opportunities of addressing such people that come in their way.

A War Loan Sunday might be appointed—in my own parish I preached on the subject twice last Sunday; and the matter could be usefully referred to in the notices which in most churches are given out before the sermon.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED FAWKES.

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I suggest that "Wayfarer," in his comments on the growth of the desire for peace in Germany, hardly does full justice to the influence of women as a factor in this movement?

"Wayfarer" notes a feeling "that the thinkers of Europe of all nationalities ought to come together and exchange ideas," and finds this tendency exhibited in "a certain cautious turning to neutrals, a suggestion that neutral ideas ought to have some regular means of expression." I should like to point out in this connection that at the recent International Women's Congress at the Hague Miss Julia Wales, of the University of Wisconsin, propounded a scheme for a continuous conference of neutral nations (the scheme is fully dealt with in a pamphlet by Miss Wales, entitled "Continuous Mediation without Armistice"), and the Congress resolved to ask the neutral nations to take immediate steps to create such a Conference. The envoys from the Congress are now engaged in the effort to secure the realization of the idea. I would suggest that the dawn of a similar thought and the "certain cautious turning to neutrals" which "Wayfarer" perceives in official Germany have been inspired by the International Women's Congress. At the very least it must be conceded that from that Congress has originated the first definite effort to find for the neutrals

"some regular means of expression." I take that phrase to imply a means of expression for the will for peace.—Yours, &c.,

LOUIE BENNETT.

Dublin, June 29th, 1915.

[We expressly referred to the women's movement for peace in Germany, and attach much importance to it.—ED., THE NATION.]

"THE DEW-POND MYTH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In THE NATION for April 10th is an article on "The Dew-pond Myth." I wish to call your attention to a series of facts about the word dew-pond, and to a seeming oversight on the part of makers of dictionaries.

About ten years ago my attention was first called to the word "dew-pond." I may have seen it before, but had never paused to consider my ignorance of its meaning. Straightway I attempted to learn what the word meant. It did not appear in the "Century Dictionary," the "D" volume of the "Oxford," in what were then the latest editions of the "Britannica," the "Americana," the "New International," Edward's "Words, Facts, and Phrases," Brewer's "Phrase and Fable," or the Index to "Notes and Queries."

In the guide to periodical literature called "The Reader's Guide," there is no reference to dew-ponds prior to 1905. In the last edition of the "Britannica" there is no reference to it save in the index, and that reference is not to an article upon it.

The word is to be found in the "New Standard," published in 1913, the latest "Webster's," published in 1914, and in Wright's "Dialect," published in 1900.

I must admit that I swallowed the dew-pond myth, being ready, I suppose, to believe that the fogs and dews of dear old England were capable of cutting up no end of capers in the aqueous line. I do claim, however, that the exposing of the myth by your article of April 10th was accompanied by pleasant sensations, which seemed to indicate that the myth never sat easily on the stomach of my rationality.—Yours, &c.,

J. C. DANA.

The Free Public Library of Newark, New Jersey.

June 16th, 1915.

Poetry.

THE DEATH OF RAYMOND LULL.

JUNE 30TH, 1315.

"He who loves not lives not."

To Bugia six hundred years ago
Came Raymond Lull, who lived not till he loved,
But since he learned the art of Love, will die
Only when dies the Savior Crucified.
The knights, his equals, with the sword and flame
Fared forth to meet the Crescent. Raymond knew
Another way; and from Christ's armoury
He took his sword—his shield, the truth, and all
The skill of Love to pierce the faithless heart.

But in the market-place at Bugia
They stoned for all his fourscore years
The foe, who fought them with the power of Love.
And sweet for him to take the martyr's road,
The swift and coveted road.
So Love blazed forth one moment, then the dark
Sank on the world. The knights of Christendom
Still fought the Saracen with sword and spear,
And rust defaced the weapons Raymond used.
But dreamers told how sailors passing by
The harbor, when the night had fallen, saw
A pyramid of fire leap to the skies,
Then die away. Six hundred years ago!

EDWARD SHILLITO.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." By Heinrich von Treitschke. Vol. I.: "The War of Emancipation." Translated by E. & C. Paul. (Jarrold and Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "America and Her Problems." By P. B. d'Estournelles de Constant. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)
 "Morals in Evolution." By L. T. Hobhouse. Revised Edition. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Ocean Traffic and Trade." By B. O. Hough. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "War Poems and Other Translations." By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. (Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "Some Aspects of the Tariff Question." By F. W. Taussig. (Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d. net.)
 "The Literary Man's New Testament." Edited by W. L. Courtney. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The World of H. G. Wells." By Van Wyck Brooks. (Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "A Far Country." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Two contributions of some importance to the study of the present European situation are announced for early publication. One is Professor Gilbert Murray's "The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey," to be issued by the Oxford University Press. It is, I believe, a vigorous defence of Sir Edward Grey's policy and a reply to the criticisms still being directed against it in certain quarters. The other is a discussion by Mr. Bernard Shaw of the settlement that must follow the war. One need hardly add that it will be no less combative than his former pamphlet.

SOME sidelights on the Franco-Prussian war and the establishment of the Third Republic are promised in the "Memoirs of M. Thiers," to be published shortly by Messrs. Allen & Unwin. The book is compiled from personal papers, notes, memoranda, and other documents left by Thiers. A selection of these, dealing with the years 1870-1872, was edited by Thiers' sister-in-law and his former secretary, and printed in France for private circulation. The book has now been translated into English by Mr. F. M. Atkinson, and it certainly comes at an appropriate moment. Among its contents is an intimate account of what Lord Morley has called Thiers' "valiant mission to the European courts" in 1870, and of his interviews with Gladstone and other statesmen. In addition there are notes on the discussions of the peace terms with Bismarck, and of Thiers' action during the Commune and as President of the Republic.

"SPIES IN HISTORY," by Mr. W. H. Trowbridge, announced by the same firm, deals with another subject that is very much in the public mind at the present moment. Spies have flourished in all ages, and their activities have counted for much in some of the greatest events in history. Mr. Trowbridge reminds us that a spy caused the fall of Troy, and that it was a spy who betrayed the Greeks at Thermopylae. Espionage figured in the Roman military code, where it was regarded as among the "stratagemata" permissible in honorable warfare, and was clearly distinguished from such forms of treachery as were unworthy of a Roman soldier. The American War of Independence furnishes two examples—Nathan Hale and Major André—of men who suffered death as convicted spies, yet whose memories are honored by Americans and Englishmen alike. Among the most interesting contributions to the literature of the subject are the "Memoirs" of Stieber, who organized the present German spy system, and the amazing account of his adventures given by Le Caron in "Twenty-five Years in the Secret Service."

MANY readers will welcome the announcement made in "The British Weekly" that Mr. Edmund Gosse has finished his "Life of Swinburne," though the book will not be published by Messrs. Macmillan until after the war. Another book now ready for the press is a collection of Swinburne's posthumous poems, edited by Mr. Gosse and Mr. T. J. Wise, while Mr. Gosse has also in preparation a selection

from Swinburne's correspondence. Mr. Gosse has had at his disposal all the Houghton manuscripts, and he has received help from Lord Morley, Lord Bryce, and other surviving friends of Swinburne. It is very satisfactory to learn that one of the biggest gaps among the biographies of the late Victorians has now been filled.

I HEAR, too, that we may expect some further biographical material about another member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in the shape of a selection from the letters of William Morris. It is anticipated that two or three volumes will be published, probably uniform with the set of collected works edited by Miss May Morris.

IN addition to his other claims to distinction or notoriety, the Kaiser is in a fair way to become the subject of more biographies than any other man of the present generation. A coming addition—and one likely to take high rank—to the books about him will be Mr. Edward Legge's "The Public and Private Life of Wilhelm II," to be published next month by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. Mr. Legge is already the author of biographies of King Edward VII. and the Empress Eugénie, both of whom have won a great deal of attention.

"THE PATRIZI MEMOIRS," to be published in two or three weeks by Messrs. Hutchinson, gives an intimate account of social and family life in Rome in the days of Napoleon. The "Memoirs" were originally compiled by the Marchesa Maddalena Patrizi, who spent several years collecting documents for her purpose in France and Italy, and were intended only for the members of her family. They have now been translated into English by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fraser, and an historical introduction has been written by Mr. J. Crawford Fraser. The harsh treatment of the Marchese Giovanni Patrizi and his wife, who was a cousin of Louis XVI., shows Napoleon in a decidedly unfavorable light.

REPORTS of public libraries are, as a rule, among the dullest of printed documents, but there are two items of news in the latest report of the Library of Congress at Washington that will be read with some envy by collectors in this country. One is the bald statement that that library now possesses the late Mr. Bertram Dobell's complete collection of privately printed books. The collection, which is the result of many years of gleaning in the London market, numbers 1,611 volumes, many of them of great rarity. It is to be regretted that their final resting place has not been the British Museum or some other public library in this country.

THE other piece of intelligence is an account of the purchase for the Library of the Mercy-Argenteau papers. These consist of more than ten thousand documents, ranging between the years 1660 and 1880, relating to the Mercy-Argenteau family. The most famous modern member of the family was the Count Mercy-Argenteau, whose letters to Maria Theresa contain the fullest description in existence of the life of Marie-Antoinette and the French Court. It is amazing how such a body of papers should have survived the changes of war and pillage for over two centuries, but this is how the Librarian of Congress records their acquisition:—

"Early in the summer of 1912, they were offered for sale to a dealer in New York by a member of the family who had met with reverses and was in need of money to pay her passage to Europe. She had, it appeared, come to the United States with her husband. The papers, being bought by the dealer, were subsequently put up at auction, but their character and extent were not understood, probably because of the fact that, while they are in many languages—Latin, Spanish, German, Dutch, French, and Italian—none of them are in English. At any rate, they were bought by another dealer for a trifling sum, from whom in its turn the Library acquired them."

When such doings are still possible no collector need despair of finding a bargain that will deserve to find a place in the romance of collecting.

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Reviews.

THE AMATEUR STRATEGIST.

"Ordeal by Battle." By FREDERICK SCOTT OLIVER. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

It is a conspicuous fault of this interesting book that its argument is apt to split itself in two, like a vessel which is too long for its strength. Mr. Oliver has indeed set himself to prove two opposing propositions. He sets out with a brilliant rehearsal of what he calls the "falsities and perversities" of the German State under its triple direction of soldiers, bureaucrats, and "pedantocrats," and then invites us to set up an English equivalent. Indeed, having himself overthrown the German idol, he is impelled to set it up again in the person of Freiherr von Hexenküchen, who lectures us on its perfections after the approved example of Arnold's Arminius. Under which King, then, are we to live? Are we to be evil and German, or merely silly and British? That we are, in fact, a nation of incompetents, led by lawyers with an insufficient sense of facts, and hoodwinked by "corrupt" politicians—little men, with the fears and brains of "monkeys"—no reader of Mr. Oliver's book can doubt. That we could not in such circumstances do anything right, either in the war or the diplomacy that preceded the war, would seem to be a natural consequence. But there again Mr. Oliver's premiss seems to be at fault with his conclusions. He holds that Germany "deliberately aimed at war." But he thinks she might have been prevented from forcing it on if Sir Edward Grey had adopted M. Sazonoff's advice and taken his uncompromising stand by Russia's side in the first stage of the Austro-Serbian confrontation, instead of waiting until the Belgian case emerged and France was visibly drawn in—i.e., until the emergence of definite British interests and a deliberate affront to British honor and British engagements. Thus on page 34. But on page 36 Mr. Oliver concludes that war could only have been avoided "if England had been prepared" (the italics are Mr. Oliver's), which, on his hypothesis, she was not. Therefore, an instant uncompromising identification of Britain with the Russian cause would have had no effect whatever, and would, in Mr. Oliver's opinion, have been merely a piece of murderous bluff, which Germany—Freiherr von Hexenküchen's Germany—would have instantly detected. Mr. Oliver, therefore, would himself have invited his country to commit the crime (only in a higher degree) of which her careless leaders were guilty, that of embarking on a policy without reference to armaments. A writer whose passion for theory hurls him into these major dilemmas may well be pardoned the minor inconsistency which impels him on page 72 to say that it is "merely to deceive ourselves" to treat the war as "a Kaiser's war, or as a bureaucrats' war," and on page 44 to declare that the joint guilt must rest on "the [German] Court, the Army, and the Bureaucracy."

An ambitious political survey, made in the middle of a great national disturbance, in order to establish a private thesis, is obviously open to the charge of want of proportion and breadth of view. Of this capital defect we must obviously accuse Mr. Oliver's "Ordeal by Battle." The "ordeal" is not finished; how, therefore, can the judge throw down his *bâton* and declare who is victor and who vanquished? Indeed, we do not even learn in what Mr. Oliver's notion of success resides. In his eyes it would almost appear as if it were better for England to lose by voluntary service than to win by it, if only to show her, as in a looking-glass, the image of her follies and imperfections. He will not allow that the struggle between the Entente and the Alliance is between autocracy and democracy. He even suggests in one passage that if the former ideal, as exemplified in Germany, can "arouse and maintain among its people a more ardent loyalty, a firmer confidence, a more constant spirit of self-sacrifice," democracy will not or ought not to maintain itself against so formidable a rival.

But if there is no real issue between Kaiserism and Constitutionalism, where does Mr. Oliver think that the heart of the combat resides? In a conflict between barbarism and the civilized order. That in a sense is true; but if

our form of civilization meets our needs, there seems no reason why, under the influence of the German example, we should change it for another. So far as the special controversy in which Mr. Oliver engages is concerned, he evades all the practical difficulties. He has much to say on the essential cowardice, moral shallowness, and downright hypocrisy of a people relying for safety on a professional army. There is force in some of his criticisms, as in his strictures on the party system. We may well doubt whether the one institution or the other can be left quite as it stands. But we are in a perilous pass, and this impassioned theorist does not help us out of it. Does he show us how, in the midst of a great war, it is possible to replace voluntaryism with a mixed system of conscription and voluntary enlistment? Or how conscription is to be applied to Ireland? Not at all. Does he allege an actual breakdown of free recruiting either in numbers or in quality? On the contrary, he admits that the "party managers" and the recruiting agents collected for Lord Kitchener "a very fine army, possibly the finest raw material for an army which has ever been got together." What did this army—whose numbers must now be approaching, not 600,000, Mr. Oliver's maximum, but 3,000,000—effect? Mr. Oliver divides the great modern war into three periods—the period of "onset," the period of "grip," and the period of "drag." As to "onset," he must confess that our first and second army corps, assailed by four times the strength of the best conscript army in the world, helped to sustain the French withdrawal from behind Namur, and contributed its full share to the ensuing victory of the Marne. As to "grip," we fancy that that same army, expanded on Lord Haldane's territorial system, managed to hold the German offensive at Ypres; and as to "drag," we know that a mighty reserve has already been accumulated and partly armed to sustain the final pressure of the Western campaign.

What, then, is Mr. Oliver's contribution to a practical alternative to voluntaryism as a method of fighting this war? His proposition is that after the "warning" administered to us in 1912 by Germany's rebuff of Lord Haldane's mission to Berlin we ought to have doubled the Expeditionary Force—that is to say, raised it from 160,000 to 320,000—or, as an alternative, raised it to 600,000, with a corresponding reserve. It would be hard to suggest a greater confusion of thought, a more complete misadaptation of means to ends. No such tremendous increase in our military forces could have been obtained by voluntary recruiting. The raising of the Expeditionary Force, and the maintenance of the Indian Army, and the garrisons, represented the limit of what voluntaryism for army service could do for us in peace times after the paramount needs of the Navy had been satisfied. Conscription must have been resorted to. But Mr. Oliver cannot seriously intend us to infer that the gigantic change of military system he recommends could have been carried out in the space of two years. At least it would have needed ten. In the interval, the Expeditionary Force, the Indian and garrison armies (including the Egyptian contingent), would have withered away, for no system of forced enlistment could have supplied the contingents for either of these indispensable services, on which the British army system pivots. Lacking soldiers, the new conscript army would also have wanted officers, who cannot be forcibly enrolled. Would Mr. Oliver have guaranteed the entrance into the Army, between 1912 and 1914, of 2,000 fresh officers? This poser was put to Lord Roberts. He merely ran away from it.

But the fallacy of all this amateur strategy is that even if it had been practicable as a measure of reorganization, it was impossible as politics. Germany would obviously have regarded a scheme of national conscription, underlined and paraphrased by Mr. Maxse and the "Daily Mail," as a virtual declaration of war, and would have acted accordingly. It does not therefore follow that after the diplomatic failure of 1912, we should have done nothing at all. One point we concede to Mr. Oliver. The Government was not frank with the country, which was never allowed to understand the basis of the Churchill Estimates. But, after all, a Navy costing some 52 millions, was not precisely a paper retort to von Tirpitz's refusal of Lord Haldane's handsome tender of peace. Behind that tremendous and essentially unassailable array lay the freshly equipped and organized Expeditionary Force and its

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means of expansion in the territorial system. With the first arm we fought the early part of the war. With the second we are fighting to-day. In the first days of August that combined armament yielded us—a naval not a military power—mobilization of ten Army Corps and five Cavalry divisions. Admittedly the equipment and transport of that force were beyond reproach. In a war with Germany alone, a military organization on this scale of numbers and efficiency would have put invasion out of the question. It has proved its formidable character even in the ordeal of a Continental war. Mr. Oliver does not even begin to discuss the problem of how within the period of the German menace he would have provided a comparable retort. Doubtless, if, like Germany, we could have thought of nothing but war for the last two decades, or had put all our best brains into the preparation of war, we might have achieved a great army as well as a great ruin. But none of our statesmen, and only one notable soldier, has even suggested so complete a surrender of the national life to ideals which, in their full German embodiment, we mean to vanquish and destroy.

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

"Alpha and Omega." Essays by JANE ELLEN HARRISON. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

NAMES are at times misleading. The writer remembers "The Story of an African Farm" being taken up by a soon-to-be-disillusioned cleric under the impression that it was a work on agriculture; it is possible that "Alpha and Omega" may figure in library catalogues under the head of Apocalyptic, as a companion volume to the late Dr. Cumming's "Seventh Seal." Miss Harrison's Essays bear the title because their subjects range from primitive magic to post-Impressionism; the short study of the latter—"Art and Mr. Clive Bell"—resuming under its own conditions much that has been said in other contexts and connections in the companion papers. Here, as elsewhere, two epithets—illuminating and stimulating—express the distinctive quality of the author's work. The reader may remain interrogative. But he is informed and driven to follow up the direction given him. No higher success can be achieved by a teacher than thus to have realized the teacher's aim.

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"When you are my age," says Crabbed Age, "you will know what I know, see as I see." Nothing could be more profoundly false. History does not repeat itself. Evolution forbids. When you are my age, you will not know what I know, but something quite different. Experience is not a counter to be handed from age to age."

"The happy, prosperous Egotist is never converted; he knows satisfied desire, but never Unanimist love. It is a rather terrible truth, that the perfectly happy, contented man, whom life has fed to the full, knows as a rule neither creative art nor Unanimist religion. Both mean a hard thing—the standing out away from self."

"When a woman says to me with a self-complacent smirk, 'My husband would never allow me to . . .' I do not pity her as a down-trodden worm, but I blush for her, inwardly. I know her to be cold, and I suspect her to be coarse."

"The emotion of religion, the sense of being part of God, may be the deadliest danger unless informed and directed by a knowledge of the ways of God—i.e., the nature of the universe and that part of it which is man."

"By contacts we are saved."

"Every stagnant virtue rots straightway into a vice."

"To temperamentally religious people religion is the constant, haunting dominance, the beckoning, sometimes almost the threatening, of the unseen."

"All theology is but a thinly veiled rationalism, a net of illusive clarity cast over life and its realities."

"The sense of the beat is keenest when the measure is syncopated. This law that freedom is only felt through fetters, this relation of the Gospel to the law, seems deep-seated. It probably holds in the moral world."

The remark on Sacrifice (page 194) is open to question. "It is dead, because we do not really believe in the personal existence of the King whose face it was our anxious business to smooth with a gift." Rather, it is dead because our conception of His character has been moralized. Though the ancient rites linger, as rites will, this was so at an early

date. Of the Levitical sacrifices, God, says the Talmud, did not so much command as tolerate them. "Thou desirest not sacrifice"; and, "I commanded it not, neither came it into my mind."

Miss Harrison's criticism of theology, scientific and popular, will be accepted in substance by not a few persons whom a well-known rule of the Cambridge Society of Heretics excludes from membership. The rule is a reasonable one: were it not for the protection which it affords, one knows the type of divine who would be let loose on the members, who, as they do not suffer fools gladly, are driven, like the Pharisees, to add a hedge to the law. But a hedge is a rough and ready rather than an exact barrier; and, in view of the connotation of the term Atheist, it seems a pity that the author of these essays should adopt it. A seventeenth-century moralist who proclaimed himself an Epicurean would have invited misconception. The term was ambiguous: the *Epicuri de grege porcus* of the poet was suggested by it; the sty bulked larger than the school. So with Atheist to-day. It suggests something which Miss Harrison certainly is not: and it obscures the fact—a fact of some importance—that the best and wisest men in the Christian Churches have, and always have had, more in common with her position than with that of the Pope, or the Rev. "Billy" Sunday, or the Bishop of Zanzibar.

The Epilogue on the War contains a criticism of what the writer describes as "the modern reaction." "Reactions are always irritating to those who do not react; and the only way to allay this irritation is to track out the cause, and try to find the human need which called for the reaction." If this seems to be subjectivism, we may remember that subject and object are two sides of one and the same reality; the distinction is one which exists for thought rather than in things.

"I use the word *Reaction* with some reluctance and some sense of injustice. I should prefer 'swing of the pendulum.' The reaction seems to me, on the whole, a forward movement; but its own supporters formulate their creed as a return to past ideals. That arch-reactionary, the Abbé Dimnet, calls his book 'France Herself Again.'"

A great English thinker, who, although he was a bishop, was an exceptionally wise man, reminds us that, if we would know ourselves, we should ask how we appear to people who dislike us. Their view may be exaggerated; but it is probable that it contains a substratum of truth. Now, such as we are, Victorian Liberalism has made us; and we are not going to lay hands on any further Parmenides. The "lesser breeds" have less scruple. The Abbé Dimnet would tell us that this movement has destroyed much and constructed little; that it was negative; and that, with regard to religion in particular, it has overlooked its emotional content, resolving it into historical criticism. And it would be of no use to answer that it destroyed only *débris*, which must be cleared away before construction can begin; or that in religion, as elsewhere, action depends on knowledge, and that false knowledge must be removed before it can be replaced by true. Like Mr. Kingsley, the Abbé Dimnet waives that point, and dismisses it with a phrase and a gesture: "Purgation comes through the primary emotions," or, "La croyance c'est la patrie." Fact, to this school, is what cockcrow is to hobgoblins; the one question which they never ask is, Is it true?

In itself the movement—call it reaction, or swing of the pendulum as we will—is natural and legitimate. The complaint of the bankruptcy of science is, indeed, foolish; all that underlies it is the impossibility of saying everything at the same time. An analytic age—and the same may be said of a synthetic—is necessarily one-sided; "for the fullest realization of life, rhythm—which is law—is wanted, as well as movement—which is life." It is probable that collectivism and emotion will bulk large in the foreground of the new nations which will come into existence after the war. The sense of brotherhood is enhanced by common conflict; and the millions of fighting men with whom we shall have to deal will not easily reconcile themselves to inequitable conditions in civil life. On the religious side, forecast is less easy. For we are—

"Standing between two worlds—one dead,
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Religion, as convention, is dying out; nor will either the palliatives of apologetic or the Dutch courage of the reaction resuscitate it. Religion, as spirit and truth, is of the future; its hour is not come. A century back, after the stress and strain of the Revolution, a similar swing of the pendulum set in. It was exploited by political and religious faction, and shipwrecked; the danger of exploitation is as great to-day. The modern reactionary is, or thinks himself, a democrat; Metternich is out of date. But he falls back upon Catholicism, not so much on dogmatic, as on political and aesthetic grounds. It unites, and so at once strengthens and satisfies; and, as Matthew Arnold would put it, it is in the grand style.

This "Lebensanschauung" is an undoubted, though a secondary, argument for religion—by which a European understands Christianity. It is also a danger signal to that reasonable and spiritual Christianity which, if its hold on the present is weaker than we could wish, has the certain promise of the future. For man, reasonable and spiritual as he is, is neither all reason nor all spirit. He has emotions, passions, senses; for which religion must provide, if it is to retain or recover its hold upon him. The hierarchical and sacramental system of the Medieval Church made this provision; hence its long possession. But this possession was only possible under conditions which have ceased to exist. Action, we have said, depends on knowledge. As long as it was believed that the Pope ruled and taught as God; that the priest could forgive sins, offer propitiatory sacrifice, and work the wonder of the mass—men could be Catholics. But these beliefs are no longer taken seriously by educated people. The shadow of assent which survives in the backward portion of the community, or is fanned into an artificial glow by a handful of men of literary and artistic, as distinguished from scientific, culture, who from temperament have fallen out of touch with the mind of their age, is to the robust faith of the Middle Ages as a ghost to a live man. Such a non-intellectualist Catholicism has no future; because (1) the Church puts her theology in the forefront of her system, rejecting emotional fideism, and from time to time weeding her garden of emotional fideists; and (2) because, *pace* Miss Harrison, though ritual may have preceded theology, it will not survive it. A man may for a time attend High Mass as a spectacle. But he will not worship, or confess, or submit himself, unless he believes in the priest's "medicine"; and the belief in the priest's "medicine" is going or gone. It lingers, where it does so, as a superstition. "I don't believe he can do it," said the Irishman in the story when the priest threatened to turn him into a mouse. "But," he added, "I'll shut up the cat for all that."

"It is a question of relative values. The individualist is always more or less an intellectualist. He values, first and foremost, the intellectual truth he thinks he has attained. The Unanomist values more than truth the sense of unity and sympathy induced by a common ritual; he shrinks from seeming to get ahead intellectually of his fellows. On his system of values, conformity is for him justified. For an individualist, with his quite other and intellectualistic system of values, it would be culpable. It takes both sorts of people to make a decent world."

The division is too clear cut. There can be an excess of individualism; and this is an ugly thing. But indifference to truth is less curable. It means, in our time at least, life in water-tight compartments; and stands either for ignorance—in which case the assent given is what Hobbes calls "insignificant"—or for an aesthetic pose. A determined effort is being made by *poseurs* and *poseuses* of this description to capture and exploit what is called in France the New Spirit. It will fail—in the sense that it will not advance the interests of Catholicism, Roman or Anglican—both are out of the running. But it is less certain that it will fail in the sense of bringing the New Spirit into discredit, and so neutralizing the good results which, left to itself, it might have brought about. For we need, and need urgently, more humanity in our politics, more emotion in our religion, more union in our society, more unanimism in ourselves. But if these good things are associated with what every sensible man knows to be false and mischievous, men will have nothing of them; a recurrence of the utilitarian and individualist tendencies of the age of Mill and Bentham will be

the inevitable outcome of an age of posturing and unreality. It is here as it is in art. "Form is the talisman"; and there is a religious as well as an aesthetic form. But,

"what is the talisman without the thing enchanted? Form without content is dead. It is the beat of the live bird's wing within the cage that makes form 'significant.'"

And it is the fact underlying the emotion that makes religion more than an empty name.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MR. SHAW.

"*Bernard Shaw: the Twentieth Century Molière.*" By AUGUSTIN HAMON. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. SHAW has in recent months come to be regarded less as an author than as an incident in the European War. In the opinion of many people, the Allies are at present engaged in fighting for their existence against a combination composed of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, and Mr. Shaw. It is all the result of Mr. Shaw's gift of infuriating people. He is one of those rare public men who can hardly express an opinion on the weather without making a multitude of people shake their fists in impotent anger. His life—at least, his public life—has been a laugh opposed to a rage. He has gone about, like a pickpocket of illusions, from the world of literature to the world of morals, and from the world of morals to the world of politics, and, everywhere he has gone, an innumerable growl has followed him. Not that he has not had his disciples—men and women who believe that what Mr. Shaw says on any conceivable subject is far more important than what the "Times" or the "Manchester Guardian" says. He has never founded a church, however, because he has always been able to laugh at his disciples as mischievously as at anybody else. He has courted unpopularity as other men have courted popularity. He has refused to wear the vacuous countenance either of an idol or a worshipper, and in the result those of us to whom life without reverence seems like life in ruins are filled at times with a wild lust to denounce and punish him. He has been called more names than any other man of letters alive. When all the other names have been exhausted and were about to become inarticulate, we even denounce him as a bore. But this is only the Billingsgate of our exasperation. Mr. Shaw is not a bore, whatever else he may be. He has succeeded in the mere business of interesting us beyond any other writer of his time.

He has succeeded in interesting us largely by inventing himself as a public figure, as Oscar Wilde and Stevenson had done before him. Whether he could have helped becoming a figure, even if he had never painted that magnificent comic portrait of himself, it is difficult to say. Probably he was doomed to be a figure just as Dr. Johnson was. If he had not told us legends about himself, other people would have told them, and they could scarcely have told them so well: that would have been the chief difference. Even if Mr. Shaw's plays should ever become as dead as the essays in "The Rambler," his lineaments and his laughter will survive in a hundred stories which will bring the feet of pilgrims to Adelphi Terrace in search of a ghost with its beard on fire. His critics often accuse him, in regard to the invention of the Shaw myth, of having designed a poster rather than painted a portrait. And Mr. Shaw always hastens to agree with those who declare he is an advertiser in an age of advertisement:—

"Stop advertising myself!" M. Hamon quotes him as saying. "On the contrary, I must do it more than ever. Look at Pears' Soap. There is a solid house if you like, but every wall is still plastered with their advertisements. If I were to give up advertising, my business would immediately begin to fall off. You blame me for having declared myself to be the most remarkable man of my time. But the claim is an arguable one. Why should I not say it when I believe that it is true?"

One suspects that there is as much fun as commerce in Mr. Shaw's advertisement. Mr. Shaw would advertise himself in this sense even if he were the inmate of a workhouse. He is something of a natural peacock. He is in the line of all those tramps and stage Irishmen who have gone through life with so fine a swagger of words. This only means that

CHURCH ARMY WAR WORK



HOSPITAL in NORTH FRANCE

for *Allied Wounded* under French Red Cross.
100 Beds, C.A Orderlies.
Week's Working - £150
Named Bed - - £50

BRITISH and BELGIAN REFUGEES

housed and offered work.

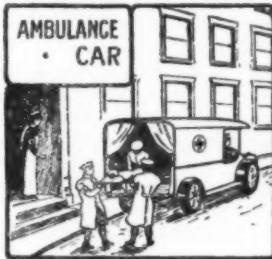


KITCHEN CAR

for wounded and weary soldiers at the Front.
Week's Working - £3
Communion requisites accompany.

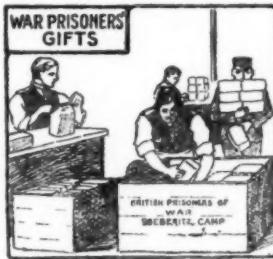
WIVES, WIDOWS, and ORPHANS

of Sailors and Soldiers received and comforted in Fresh Air Homes. Two weeks' change for mother and two children - - £2



AMBULANCE CARS

for *the front*, under British Red Cross.
Fitting body and 3 months' maintenance - - £100
Week's Working - £3
£975 pays for 3 months' maintenance of staff for convoy of 25. Communion requisites accompany.



BRITISH PRISONERS

in Germany. £150 buys 1,000 Parcels of food and comforts.

RECREATION ROOMS for SAILORS & SOLDIERS' WIVES

£100 equips.
Week's Working - £2



RECREATION HUTS and TENTS and Camp CHURCH ROOMS

for *the troops in England, France, Malta and Egypt.*
Huts cost - - - £300
Tents - - - £150
Church Rooms - £130
Week's Working - £2

PRAY PROVIDE

for the urgent need of all these branches, and of our ORDINARY WORK, which is going on much as usual.

Cheques crossed "Barclays", a/c Church Army, payable to PREBENDARY CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., Headquarters, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.

he is an artist in his life. He is an artist in his life to an even greater extent than he is a moralist in his art. The mistake his deprecators make, however, is in thinking that his story ends here. The truth about Mr. Shaw is not quite so simple as that. The truth about Mr. Shaw cannot be told until we realize that he is an artist, not only in the invention of his own life, but in the observation of the lives of other people. His *Broadbent* is as wonderful a figure as his George Bernard Shaw. Not that his portraiture is always faithful. He sees men and women too frequently in the falsifying light of theories. He is a doctrinaire, and his characters are often comic statements of his doctrines rather than the reflections of men and women. "When I present true human nature," he urges in another passage which M. Hamon quotes, "the audience thinks it is being made fun of. In reality I am simply a very careful writer of natural history." That is where we cannot agree. Mr. Shaw often thinks he is presenting true human nature when he is merely presenting his opinions about human nature—the human nature of soldiers, of artists, of women. Or, rather, when he is presenting a characteristic mixture of human nature and his opinions about it.

This, it may be, is sometimes actually a virtue in his comedy. Certainly, from the time of Aristophanes onwards, comedy has again and again been a vehicle of opinions as well as a branch of natural history. But it is not always a virtue. Thus in "The Doctor's Dilemma," when Dubedat is dying, his self-defence and his egoism are for the most part admirably true both to human nature and to Mr. Shaw's view of the human nature of artists. But when he goes on with his last breath to utter his artistic creed: "I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen, Amen," these sentences are no more natural or naturalistic than the death-bed utterances in one of Mr. G. R. Sims's ballads. Dubedat would not have thought these things, he would not have said these things; in saying them he becomes a mere mechanical figure repeating Mr. Shaw's opinion of the nature of the creed of artists. One discovers a similar falsification in the same play in the characterization of the newspaper man who is present at Dubedat's death and immediately afterwards is anxious to interview the widow. "Do you think she would give me a few words on 'How it Feels to be a Widow'?" Rather a good title for an article, isn't it?" These sentences are bad because into an atmosphere of more or less naturalistic comedy they simply introduce a farcical exaggeration of Mr. Shaw's opinion of the incompetence and impudence of journalists. Mr. Shaw's comedies are repeatedly injured by a hurried alteration of atmosphere in this manner. Comedy, as well as tragedy, must create some kind of illusion, and the destruction of the illusion, even for the sake of a joke, may mean the destruction of laughter. But, compared with the amount of reality in his characterization, the amount of unreality is more or less pardonable. It has been enormously exaggerated. After all, if the character of the newspaper man in "The Doctor's Dilemma" is machine-made, the much more important character of B. B., the soothing and incompetent doctor, is a creation of the true comic genius. Everybody harps upon Mr. Shaw's errors. It is much more necessary that we should recognize that, amid all his falsifications, doctrinal and jocular, he has a genuine comic sense of character. "Most French critics," M. Hamon tells us "declare that Bernard Shaw does depict characters. M. Remy de Gourmont writes: 'Molière has never drawn a doctor more comically 'the doctor' than Paramore, nor more characteristic figures of women than those in the same play, 'The Philanderer.' The character-drawing is admirable.'" Mr. Hamon himself goes on, however, to suggest an interesting contrast between the characterization in Mr. Shaw and the characterization in Molière:—

"In Shaw's plays the characters are less representative of vices or passions than those of Molière, and more representative of class, profession, or sect. Molière depicts the miser, the jealous man, the misanthrope, the hypocrite; whereas Shaw depicts the bourgeois, the rebel, the capitalist,

the workman, the Socialist, the doctor. A few only of these latter types are given us by Molière."

M. Hamon's comparison between the genius of Mr. Shaw and the genius of Molière is extraordinarily detailed, and comes nearer showing Mr. Shaw in a true light than any of the rather mediocre books—we do not include Mr. Chesterton's in this category—which have hitherto been written about him. Perhaps the detail is overdone in such a passage as that which informs us concerning the work of both authors that "suicide is never one of the central features of the comedy; if mentioned, it is only to be made fun of." But the comparison between the sins that have been alleged against both of them—sins of style, of form, of morals, of disrespect, of irreligion, of anti-romanticism, of farce, and so forth—is a suggestive contribution to criticism. We are not sure that the comparison would not have been more effectively put in a chapter than a book, but it is only fair to remember that M. Hamon's book is intended as a biography and general criticism of Mr. Shaw as well as a comparison between his work and Molière's. It contains, it must be confessed, a great deal that is not new to English readers, but then so do all books about Mr. Shaw. And it has also this fault that, though it is about a master of laughter, it does not contain even the shadow of a smile. Mr. Shaw is here an idol in spite of himself: M. Hamon's volume is an offering at a shrine. For the true things it contains, however, we may be grateful—for its insistence, for instance, that in his dramatic work Mr. Shaw is less a wit than a humorist:—

"In Shaw's work we find few studied jests, few epigrams even, except those which are the necessary outcome of the characters and the situations. He does not labor to be witty, nor does he play upon words. . . . Shaw's brilliancy does not consist in wit, but in humor."

It is odd to reflect that Mr. Shaw was at one time commonly regarded as a wit of the school of Oscar Wilde. That view, we imagine, is seldom found nowadays, but even now many people fail to realize that humor, and not wit, is the ruling characteristic of Mr. Shaw's plays. He is not content with witty conversation about life, as Wilde was: he has an actual comic vision of human society. His humor, it is true, is not the sympathetic humor of Elia or Dickens; but then neither was Molière's. As M. Hamon reminds us, Molière anticipated Mr. Shaw in outraging the sentiment, for instance, which has gathered round the family. "Molière and Shaw," as he expresses it with a quaint seriousness, "appear to be unaware of what a father is, what a father is worth." The defence of Mr. Shaw, however, does not depend on any real or imaginary resemblance of his plays to Molière's. His joy and his misery before the ludicrous spectacle of human life are his own, and his expression of them is his own. He has studied with his own eyes the swollen-bellied pretences of preachers and poets and rich men and lovers and politicians, and he has derided them as they have never been derided on the English stage before. He has derided them with both an artistic and a moral energy. He has brought them all, as it were, into a Palace of Truth, where they have revealed themselves with an unaccustomed and startling frankness. He has done this sometimes with all the exuberance of mirth, sometimes with all the serious bitterness of a satirist. Even his bitterness is never venomous, however. He is genial beyond most inveterate controversialists and propagandists. He does not hesitate to wound and he does not hesitate to misunderstand, but he is free from malice. The geniality of his comedy, however, is often more offensive to many people than malice, because it is from their point of view geniality in the wrong place. It is like a grin in church, a laugh at a marriage service.

It is this which has caused all the trouble about Mr. Shaw's writings on the present war. He has seen, not the war, but the international diplomacy which led up to the war, under the anti-romantic and satirical comic vision. We do not mean that he is not intensely serious here as in nearly all his work. But his seriousness is essentially the seriousness of (in the higher sense of the word) the comic artist, of the disillusionist. He sees current history from the absolutely opposite point of view, say, to the lyric poet. He is so occupied with his satiric vision of the pretences of the diplomatic world that, though his attitude to the war is as

**WEST-END SPECIALIST'S
SPLENDID NEW ESTABLISHMENT
FOR THE OBESITY** (Either General
or Local).

Grand Opening of the Finest-Equipped Premises for Curative Treatment in the United Kingdom, under the Supervision of Mr. Vernon-Ward. Free Invitation to View is Extended to Every Reader of this Paper.

The attainment and preservation of a high standard of health is one of the greatest needs of to-day. Important work is being done, and has to be done, for which the maximum physical energy is necessary. Yet, at a time when the best efforts are required, the national health is considerably weakened by the presence of various disorders, and the nervous strain and worry of War-time.

It is, therefore, of more than usual importance that new and remarkably efficient methods are now available for regaining good health and activity and retaining both in the highest degree. Mr. Vernon-Ward, the well-known West-end Specialist, has just established at 2, Vere-st., Cavendish-sq., W. (facing Marshall & Snelgrove and New Bond-st.), the very latest and most successful methods known of fighting ill-health, pain, and discomfort. The embarrassing burden of Obesity and kindred disorders can now be rapidly relieved and a permanent cure accomplished in an incredibly short space of time.

**THE INCREASING DEMAND FOR MR. VERNON-WARD'S
TREATMENT.**

Mr. Vernon-Ward is well-known in London on account of the valuable work he has carried out in the Treatment of General and Local Obesity and Muscular and Circulatory Derangements. His scientific methods have enabled thousands of sufferers to regain their health and enjoy life, often after years of servitude under the yoke of pain and discomfort. The large and increasing demand for Mr. Vernon-Ward's Treatment taxed the resources of his establishment at 106, Jermyn Street, so much that it became necessary for him to open the extensive and wonderfully up-to-date premises now ready for inspection by the readers of this paper.

At 2, Vere Street, Cavendish Square, W., Mr. Vernon-Ward is applying his remarkably successful system, not only for the relief and cure of Obesity, but also for that wide range of disorders that resist ordinary methods of treatment. A comparatively large number of ailments of the present-day are the result of a more or less artificial mode of living. Proper exercise is neglected; too much time is spent in badly ventilated places; the wrong kind of food is taken; and numerous other things are done that disturb the smooth working of the most intricate and delicately-balanced mechanism in existence—the human body. In numbers of cases drug-taking at the best is only a palliative. For a time some relief may be gained, but, as the cause remains untouched, no permanent cure can be expected. What is necessary is something that will invigorate the whole of the complex, digestive, muscular, nervous, and circulatory systems collectively. Drugs, Turkish baths, dieting, physical exercises, or massage only act partially, and this accounts for the disappointing results obtained by these means.

**THE RETENTION OF WASTE PRODUCTS THE CAUSE OF
NUMEROUS DISORDERS.**

The disturbance of any one of the complex functions of the body will, if neglected, interfere in time with the health generally. Elimination becomes sluggish, and poisonous waste-products, instead of being dispersed as they form, are stored up in the body. The harm done then becomes apparent according to one's constitution, hereditary tendencies, or the relative strength of the bodily organs.

Mr. Vernon-Ward's new methods of treatment are the scientific solution of the hitherto unsolved problem of reaching the source of a disorder by natural means. His system for the reduction of weight and measurements, for instance, calls for no rigid adherence to dietary rules, or dosing with noxious medicines, nor the tiresome daily routine of physical drill. Whilst undergoing Mr. Vernon-Ward's remarkable new improved system of cure, one's ordinary occupation may be followed without interference with social or other duties. The attendance at his Establishment for half an hour occasionally, when convenient, is all that is necessary to rapidly and permanently reduce the weight to a normal degree.

**MR. VERNON-WARD'S TREATMENT CURES OBESITY
PERMANENTLY AND WITH CERTAINTY.**

The results achieved by Mr. Vernon-Ward's Treatment are really remarkable. The following particulars taken at random from a large number of patients' record-charts afford indisputable evidence of the efficacy of his system of cure—

A lady in the West-end lost 23½ lbs. in weight in 3 weeks! Her measurements were reduced by 6 inches off the bust, 5½ inches off the waist and 5 inches off the hips.

A well-known Society lady lost 14 lbs. in weight in less than a fortnight! Her measurements were reduced by 3½ inches off the bust, 5½ off the waist, and 4 off the hips.

A lady from Weybridge lost 12 lbs. in weight in a fortnight! Her measurements were reduced by 8 inches off the bust, 5 inches off the waist, and 8 inches off the hips.

A gentleman well-known in Society, lost 15½ lbs. in weight in a course of treatment occupying in all 5½ hours. His measurements were reduced by 2½ inches off the waist, 3 inches off the thighs, and 4 off the hips.

In each case these splendid results were achieved by periodical treatments of half an hour each, taken two or three times a week. Further, in addition to remarkable loss in weight and measurements, the health of these patients was greatly improved in every way.

CURES DOUBLE-CHIN, TOO-PROMINENT HIPS OR ABDOMEN.

This wonderful new treatment for Obesity is perfectly harmless and painless. It can be safely taken with splendid results by patients of any age, and even by those in a delicate state of health. It possesses the additional value of being extremely beneficial in cases of heart trouble, as it lessens the distressing symptoms so often associated with this disorder. Moreover, various improvements which Mr. Vernon Ward has introduced enable the reduction of superfluous tissue to be adjusted to any part of the body desired, so that a man or woman who is not generally stout may lessen the measurements of the chest, waist, hips, limbs, or remove the disfiguring development called Double-Chin, and yet leave the rest of the body as it is. The treatment, therefore, is by no means intended merely for the benefit of the obese patients only.

Extremely gratifying recognition of the benefits of Mr. Vernon-Ward's system of treatment have been received from all sections of Society, well-known Physicians, the leading Medical Journals, and the Press generally. Scores of letters, in praise of the wonderful results achieved, have been sent by delighted patients to Mr. Vernon-Ward, and where the writers have no objection to their contents being read, they will be shown to inquirers who call.

Inquiries of medical men on behalf of their patients will be specially welcomed, and it is Mr. Vernon-Ward's wish to lend as much aid as it is possible to Doctors in their work, and he views with pleasure the increasing number of patients who are sent to him by the direct instructions of their medical advisers.

Where a personal call cannot be made at present, particulars of Mr. Vernon-Ward's remarkably successful treatment will be forwarded free of cost and post free on application to: Mr. Vernon-Ward, 2, Vere-st., Cavendish-sq., W., or Brighton address: 42, St. Aubyns, Hove.

Help Suffering Poland

by contributing to the
**GREAT BRITAIN
TO
POLAND & GALICIA
FUND.**

(THE SENIOR FUND FOR RELIEF OF DISTRESS IN POLAND.)

War, with its iron tramp, has crushed the fair land of Poland.

An area seven times the size of Belgium has been ravaged three times by the Germans. Millions are homeless and starving. Old men and women have lost the roofs over their heads, and when children stretch out their thin arms crying for bread, their mothers can only answer with tears.

The spectre of hunger has cast its withering hands over the vast land between the Niemen and the Carpathians. Workmen have lost their work, for all the workshops and factories are shut. The plough is rusting for want of use, for the labourer has been robbed of tools and seed. Epidemics have spread throughout the country, and the domestic hearth is extinguished.

HAS POLAND THE RIGHT TO YOUR HELP ?

Yes; every nation has this right in the name of humanity. But Poland has the right also in the name of her historic past. During centuries Poland was the messenger of progress, the defender of the oppressed. Wherever great disasters struck the peoples, bringing hunger and need, Polish offerings flowed thither. Let the Polish towns and villages spring to life again from their ruins! Let Polish hearts know other feelings than pain, let the voice of Poland not only speak in a sigh! Let Polish mothers be able to give their children something more than tears!

Also, by helping Poland you will be able to show your practical admiration for the splendid part played in this war by our Ally, great, brotherly Russia.

Twenty shillings will keep 20 people from starvation for a week.

Committees have been established in all the principal cities of the United Kingdom.

Patrons:

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

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64, Old Broad Street, E.C.

anti-Prussian as M. Vandervelde's, a great number of people have thought he must be a pro-German. The fact is, in war time more than at any other time, people dread the vision of the satirist and the sceptic. It is a vision of only one-half of the truth, and of the half that the average man always feels to be more or less irrelevant. And, even at this, it is not infallible. This is not to disparage Mr. Shaw's contributions to the discussion of politics. That contribution has been brilliant, challenging, and humane, and not more wayward than the contribution of the partisan and the sentimental. It may be said of Mr. Shaw that in his politics, as in his plays, he has sought Utopia along the path of disillusion as other men have sought it along the path of idealism and romance.

A FLEMISH IMPRESSIONIST.

"The Path of Life." By STIJN STREUVELS. Translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.)

THERE are not a few people who would agree that impressionism, though it has wakened up antiquated orthodoxies of manner and style, has, on the whole, done a good deal of harm to literature. Its primary evil has been that it is too lax, too easy a method of expression. Almost any author can be an impressionist of sorts, partly because impressionism can, by the most facile of descents, degenerate into mannerism, partly because it throws into relief the less durable and severe forms of literary utterance. It has, for instance, been largely the inspiration of contemporary journalism. It has subordinated ideas to treatment, and it has adulterated the quintessential artistic canon that treatment must be an exact interpretation of the material. It has given prominence to mere picturesqueness, to mere glibness in writing, and it has tended to confuse essentials with incidentals, or rather it has left the reader to find his needle of the essential in a haystack of incidentals. It is clever, but seldom profound; plausible, but rather deceptive. Such a judgment is, perhaps, unfair to the original pioneers of impressionism. But it must be remembered that this quite distinct form of expression has become, if not a spent, certainly an established, force. And its aptitude, its facility, its rather casual, run-as-you-read manner, have unquestionably produced a certain stereotyped habit of style, which has not enlarged but circumscribed the initial artistic purpose of its function. We have, in short, to be strictly on our guard against the impressionists, lest its tricks should get the better of its sincerity.

Mr. de Mattos, who is well known in this country as a translator of Maeterlinck, tells us in his introduction that M. Streuvels (or, to give him his real name, M. Frank Latour) has selected as his medium the West Flemish dialect, which is in use among about a million people in the Flanders territory roughly occupied at present by the contending armies. The dialect is apparently so differentiated that a man of Bruges will not understand all the words spoken to him by a man of Poperinghe. Mr. de Mattos describes it as rich and abounding in medieval survivals. It is necessary to emphasize this matter, because Mr. de Mattos has, in our opinion, been sadly tripped by the medieval flavour of the dialect. He has plentifully be-sprinkled the pages with "'twas," "'twould," "liefst," "a-thinking," and so on, not to mention that patent, up-to-date, labour-saving device, which has nothing to do either with the archaic or the dialectic—the asterisk. Now, "'twas" is no more true to the medieval than was Walpole's Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill. It is simply an irritating sham, adopted to give a meretricious spice to the most modern, the most sophisticated of minor writings. And its frequent repetition is entirely false to M. Streuvels's direct and homely themes.

The clever sketches in this volume have very little plot or incident, or even structure, to their names. They are concerned with the inconspicuous adventures of children, tramps, farmers, peasants, out-of-works, and their kindred. Mr. de Mattos says that he knows "no greater living writer of imaginative prose in any land or any language" than M. Streuvels. It is an appreciation so entirely outside the man that we cannot understand it. It is even an injustice

to M. Streuvels, because it throws him so violently out of his true perspective. His prose is not, in the first place, imaginative at all. It is strewn with neat and graceful descriptive passages, and at one time, when some children are caught by a thunderstorm in a wood, does reach a certain pitch of intensity. But further than that no sane criticism can go. The very best that can be said of M. Streuvels's work is that it is agreeable impressionism. He has sincerity, a light and delicate touch, and a tender sympathy with his subjects. But he has many of the faults of the impressionists as well. He drops sometimes into sentimentalism, and, perhaps as a result of this tendency to cultivate feeling for its own sake, will not let well alone; his material is too slight to bear the heavy charge he lays upon it. This, for instance, of "The White Sand-path":—

"Now I felt something like fear, and I shivered; the evening was coming so slowly, so sadly; and I dared not think of the night that was to follow. It was the first time in my life that I fell earnestly a-thinking. So that-path there became a life, a long-drawn-out, earnest life. . . . That was quite plain in my head; and those boys had rolled and tumbled along that path; next those big men had burdensomely, most burdensomely, turned over their bit of earth; and the ox and the little old fellow had jogged along it so piteously, . . . that life was so earnest, and I had seen it all from so far, from the outside of it; I did nothing, I took no part in it, and yet I lived, . . . and must also one day go along that path."

There, in miniature, you can see how a style that aims at color, brightness, and movement can generate precisely the opposite effect of dullness, monotony, and flatness. The subject simply will not stand this leapfrog of sentences, this laborious attempt at suggestion, the piling of externals round a little meaning, all this superfluity and redundancy. The impressionist tries to produce a certain effect not by the selection of relevant values, but by the collection of irrelevant issues. It is analogous to the method of building up a roaring fire by which to light a candle. And true art will have nothing to do with it.

AN EXILED QUEEN.

"Memories of Queen Amélie of Portugal." By LUCIEN CORPECHOT. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)

AMÉLIE, ex-Queen of Portugal, is a victim from whom not even the most ardent Republican can withhold some compassion. Born in exile, her early girlhood passed in great retirement, the life that was to be so tragically darkened opened somewhat in the shade. Her father, the proscribed Comte de Paris, held Jansenistic theories of education, and by rigorous punishments for trivial offences his children early learned the endurance of what Marguerite of Navarre has called "l'ennui commun à toute âme bien née." As a result, perhaps, of severely repressive discipline, the young Princess grew up serious-minded. "I draw, I fag at my German, history, literature," she writes to a girl friend; "in short, I am not bored; but I am looked upon rather as a bear." With an education on conventionally French lines, broadened a little by desultory reading, the Princess's own tastes seem naturally to have adhered to the genius of her native land. Characteristic in its love of order and simplicity is the Princess's confession made at Chantilly that "nothing in the world would make her wish to live in a place where there were not a dozen yards in a straight line." French, too, is the excessive timidity felt by the *jeune fille bien élevée*. At twenty she pays a visit to Vienna, and trembles with terror to observe that the eyes of the Emperor Wilhelm are upon her. One evening she meets him face to face. "You can fancy what a state I was in," she writes, "alone with his Majesty and Valérie in the box of a theatre. . . . He was, however, as agreeable and charming as possible." Perhaps this timidity was not displeasing to the Viennese, for at this juncture her hand was sought in marriage by a Bavarian Prince. But in 1885 memories of fifteen years earlier were still too recent in the minds of the Comte de Paris and his daughter, and the offer was refused. In 1866 the Princess's girlhood came to an end. The Duke of Braganza, Crown Prince of Portugal, came to visit

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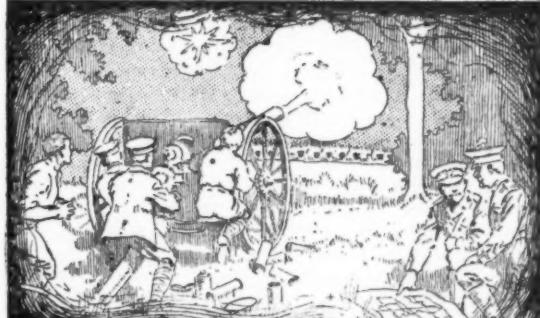
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her family at Chantilly; the young people pleased each other, and a marriage between them was arranged. The union was one of affection, and the early years of the young couple were happy enough. In 1889 Dom Luiz died, and Dom Carlos came to the throne. The young queen was popular. She abounded in good works and had given birth to a son. She founded a children's hospital at Rego and a Royal dispensary at Alcantara, fearlessly visited the typhus wards in hospitals, and once jumped into the sea to save a fisherman from drowning. But if these actions endeared her to the people, they alienated her from the Court. A taste that inclined to straight lines and simplicity had little affinity with a tradition of almost Oriental opulence. The mother of Don Carlos, Queen Maria Pia, described by a French visitor as "the incarnation of the queen of the fairy-tales, the queen who is always represented as proud and haughty, seated on a golden throne, a sceptre in her hand," stood for the true ideal of the Portuguese nobility. In the eyes of the Courtiers, stateliness, not simplicity, was the rôle of a Queen, her Court, and not the wards of hospitals, her proper sphere, and money more worthily employed at the modiste rather than muddled away on charity. "The Queen," complained a Chamberlain some years later, "is not very popular with us. More than once I have been ashamed at seeing her less well dressed than my wife." Moreover, neither Queen Amélie nor her subjects could ever forget the fact that she was a Frenchwoman:—

"Do you not remember that I was French and have still the right to love France passionately (she writes when the degree of proscription had fallen second time on the Comte de Paris and his family), that I, too, know what exile means, all the pain and bitterness contained in that word? I think no one feels it more than I."

Such were Queen Amélie's contributions to the downfall of that monarchy which, even in these early days, had begun perceptibly to totter. Dom Carlos had begun his reign at one of the most critical moments in Portuguese history. The country's industries had disappeared, her liberties fallen, and Lord Salisbury's ultimatum in 1890 had given the death-blow to her prestige. The financial situation was of the gravest, and the scandal of the *rotativo* system of government intolerable. All these evils naturally fostered the spirit of Republicanism. In 1906, to quell the rapidly-rising agitations, the King elected João Franco as the leader of the new party of "Regeneradores-Liberaes." The new "dictator" was an ardent reformer, but unfortunately combined the best principles with the worst methods. "Franco means well," said the Queen, "but he has no tact." It was to lack of tact, if we may employ so small a word, that the King and the Crown Prince lost their lives. In January, 1908, Franco issued a decree suppressing papers and imprisoning those who were opposed to his policy. On Saturday, February 1st, a decree, signed by the King, for exporting political offenders appeared in the "Diário do Governo." "By that," exclaimed a politician, "the King signs his death warrant." On the Saturday afternoon the Royal Family were expected to arrive in Lisbon from the Villa Viçosa. Questioned whether it was safe for them to drive through the streets of Lisbon, Franco replied so confidently that no precautions were taken, and the Royal Family drove in an open carriage to the Palace of the Necessidades. What followed is too recent to be forgotten, but can be read again in the melodramatic language of M. Lucien Corpechot. The Queen's bravery was conspicuous. With a bouquet as her only weapon, she struck the King's assassin in the face, and heroically interposed her own body in a vain attempt to save the life of the Crown Prince. Dom Manuel escaped with a wound in the arm, and Queen Amélie was uninjured.

The remaining chapters of this memoir are devoted to the struggles of the widowed Queen and her nineteen-year-old son to recover what years of misgovernment had made irrecoverable. The position was impossible and the struggle short. In the words of the "Action Française," "The Portuguese Monarchy fell a victim to its Parliament," and in October, 1910, Queen Amélie and her son left the country. Once more in England, from the shelter of Abercorn House, Richmond, "the exiled Queen," says her biographer, "treads again the paths that her first footsteps had taken." Her wheel has come full circle.

This biography does its best to prejudice the reader against its subject: its tone is of a hectic sentimentality, its inspiration unmistakably reactionary, and its English French. But, in spite of the disfiguring efforts of M. Lucien Corpechot, the character of Queen Amélie of Portugal leaves an impression which is unalterably courageous and sweet.

SOLOGUB.

"The Sweet-Scented Name, and other Fairy Stories." By FEODOR SOLOGUB. Edited by STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Constable. 6s.)

"The Old House, and Other Tales." By FEODOR SOLOGUB. Translated by JOHN COURNO. (Secker. 6s.)

THE two selections of Sologub tales, now placed simultaneously on the market by rival translators, is a hint that English publishers are making up for lost time. One remembers the day when projected series of translations of Tolstoy and Turgenev knocked vainly at the doors of Paternoster Row. Indeed, but a few years back, versions of Gorky, Tchekov, Andréiev, Nekrassov, and others have gone begging, while inferior renderings have been scantily imported from America. Of course, the fault has lain with the British public, whose insular incuriosity has caused a passive boycott of all but a few foreign classics. Even to-day, when the war has awakened public interest in the Russian genius, we find that the dramatic critics are wedged in obstinate phalanx to suppress Tchekov's appeal to our theatre. It is amusing to reflect that if Nietzsche is now being eagerly read by the Briton it is on the ground, that he is the great arch-enemy! and that if Sologub, one of the most "morbid" of geniuses, is bidden a welcome to our hearths and homes it is because he is so delightfully Russian, you know! Mr. Stephen Graham, who, in his unbounded enthusiasm for Holy Russia, is perhaps even more Russian than the Russians, shows by his introduction that he has not yet attained to the greatest of their gifts, viz., intellectual sincerity. If our sympathy with Russian life and genius is not to be an affair of beaming benevolently at them through rose-tinted spectacles, we should see the true relations of the part to the whole, and not merely pick out certain pleasing aspects and weave them into the pattern of our predilections. From his brief sketch of Sologub the English reader might conclude that this writer is a Russian Hans Christian Andersen, possessed of "a pleasant sense of humor" and inspired by a genius for "suggesting atmosphere." His silence as to the characteristics of Sologub's famous novel, "The Little Demon," compels us to turn to another authority, and in Mr. Howard Williams's "Russia of the Russian," we are told: "Sologub is suffering from some profound sickness of the spirit the savour of evil which is so characteristic of Sologub his later works are full of repellent elements no longer subdued by the power of artistic impulse."

When we consider attentively "the atmosphere" of certain of the tales in the two selections before us, notably of "The Lady in Fetters," "The White Dog," and "The Hungry Gleam," we begin to perceive what lies between the lines of Mr. Graham's innocent statement: "The literature of 1906, 1907, 1908 was marked by hysteria, and several of Sologub's tales of that time are incoherent through grief." Of course, an editor is quite within his right in picking out from Sologub's twenty volumes the selection of short tales most calculated to satisfy our English idealistic sense, but it would inspire greater confidence in Mr. Graham's own powers of seeing things as they are if he did not glide so discreetly over the dark, complementary tones of national life and character. He would be on firmer ground, we think, were he to face boldly the question of Sologub's morbidity, which we believe no Russian denies, and to declare candidly that it is precisely because the English mind is so shuffling and evasive in its recognition of base and evil elements and instincts in human nature, that the Russian who offers us a "veracious and sombre picture" is doubly valuable. What we thrust away from us with the conventional label affixed, "repellent," "morbid," "sordid," "evil," is often

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spiritually more profound, and aesthetically more beautiful, than those phases and aspects of life and feeling which we acclaim as "noble," "healthy," "good," or "happy." And so the "morbid" writer who is largely preoccupied with the fascination of evil impulses, with the beauty of sorrow, or the triumph of pain and sin, may enrich our spiritual comprehensiveness in a manner quite out of the power of the healthy artist to accomplish. Mr. Curnos, in his "Introduction," a more satisfying piece of work than Mr. Graham's evasive pages, tells us: "Sologub himself says somewhere, 'I take a piece of life, coarse and poor, and make of it delightful legend'"; and again, "Perhaps it is this sense of grief, 'too great to be borne,' that compels him to grope for an outlet, for some kind of relief."

The long story, "The Old House," with which Mr. Curnos's selection opens, answers admirably to this last supposition, and is an excellent illustration of the difference in emotional and spiritual demand that separates Sologub's Russia from Tchekov's. This difference is less intellectual than aesthetic. Whereas the Russian audience for the last three generations has demanded, first of all, that the artist's picture of life shall be spiritually truthful, with Sologub's arrival it appears to demand that a picture, first of all, shall be aesthetically beautiful and emotionally seductive. It is a change of attitude that, should it be persevered in, would lead infallibly to a ripening of the seed of literary decadence, but one may conclude that it is, in fact, a sign of a pause in the flood of young Russia's idealism, to be followed by a new wave of spiritual energy. Anyway, Sologub's attitude to his characters in "The Old House" is curiously contemplative and aesthetic, nearer, indeed, to D'Annunzio's than to Tchekov's. It is the poet in love with beauty, with the beauty of sad emotion, that speaks in the long-drawn, tranquil description of the sorrowing of the aged grandmother, the mother and sister, for Borya, the beautiful, proud, impulsive lad who, a year back, was hanged in a military prison for his revolutionary deed. It is emotionally sharp and intimate, this poignant sorrow, this rehearsal of the sister's exquisite memories of the flowering summer days when Borya was with them in the old manor house, and exquisite is the harmonious cadence of those gliding pictures. But his stories differ in their manner.

It would be interesting to have the opinion of some capable Russian critics on Mr. Stephen Graham's selection. Certainly it is very charming, and probably the editor was right in assuming that English people would be more grateful for translations of Sologub's Fairy Stories and Fables than of his stories and poems. The witty crispness of the fables, though some are too trivial in their point for an exacting taste, will be grateful to the English palate, and the few examples of the fairy tales certainly possess a subtle and tender beauty. One of the best stories, "The Crimson Ribbon," an apology for the infidelity of a perfect, loving wife, when "her heart was surcharged with an unreasonable, immeasurable love," may make the ordinary reader jump at such a readjustment of the seventh commandment. The tender Agnes, when quite an old lady, confesses to her husband how on "that beautiful, passionate night" long ago she had stepped momentarily aside, with their friend Bernard, from the path of wifely duty. But Professor Roggenfeldt is not perturbed by this confession. He has long known her secret, and declares with animation: "Our dear friend, Doctor Bernard Horn, has done us much service. He held a cup of sweet wine to your thirsty lips, and may God bless him for this as I bless him for it." Quite as characteristic, we fancy, is "The Lady in Fetters," a tale of the lust of cruelty, skilfully arranged to

show how deep this instinct lurks in the soul of the normal man. The imagination that conceived it is, however, itself tainted.

The Week in the City.

It is difficult to express in words the stunning effect which the great War Loan has had upon all classes of securities upon the Stock Exchange. The conversion of British credit from a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis before the Boer War, and a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis before this war to the present $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis has necessarily produced a grave depreciation and disturbance of values. The adjustment in some cases is, of course, painfully difficult, and it is probably worse in securities which have the absurd minimum prices attached to them. Who can say what interest should be paid for a second-rate security when the best security in the world has come to yield $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.? The strangest thing of all is that the City of New York has actually been able to raise this week a loan of varying dates at rates of from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. It seems almost incredible that even such an emergency as this war should have placed the credit of the British Government decidedly below that of New York. All the markets in the Stock Exchange have been busy lowering the prices of all securities to which no minimum is attached, and scarcely any business is being done, all the brokers being entirely taken up with the great War Loan. Nobody has any conception of the amounts which are being subscribed, but the general opinion seems to be that a 4 per cent. loan at, say, 95, would have been quite as popular, and that the options of conversion have unnecessarily complicated the great transaction. This applies especially to the Consols option, as the argument for giving special terms to the holders of the first War Loan were much stronger than appears on the surface. Meanwhile, money for short terms is a plethora in the market, and exchange difficulties are still very far from solution.

INDUSTRIALS AND THE WAR LOAN.

The advent of the War Loan has had a serious effect upon the market for high-class industrial securities. For one thing there has been a desire to sell any existing securities in order to buy War Loan, even if the income is not so good; and for another, the competition of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on Government security has been too much for industrial debentures and higher class preference issues of the 5 per cent. order. The result is that many securities previously liquid have fallen back to the conditions of last August, and, though quoted at certain prices, are unsaleable, the values being quite nominal. This factor must reduce to some extent the application for War Stock, and what is wanted is some buying influence to liquefy the position. The man who has applied for as much War Loan as he wants may therefore be doing a service by buying some of the stocks now being forced upon it, and there are many sound securities which may be picked up to give substantial yields. They are hardly likely to go lower unless an entirely new scale of values is to be established, and experience shows that when values reach a dangerous level a fresh creation of credit is brought in for the support of the whole fabric. Central Argentine $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Preference, for instance, yields 6 per cent. at its present quotation, and there can be no question of the safety of its dividend. Canadian Pacifics, too, are down nearly to 150 as the result of sales, and the return on them on the 10 per cent. dividend is over $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

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